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ART. I.—*The Conquest of Canada.* By the Author of 'Hochelaga.'
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THE war carried on in Canada, between Great Britain and France, assumed from the commencement a peculiar character. It was a war of races and of creeds. Protestantism on the one hand, supported by the perseverance and unconquerable energy of the English; Catholicism on the other, relying for success on French daring, hardihood, and unscrupulous diplomacy; and on both sides, the relentless cruelty of the pagan natives, executing the behests of vengeance with fierce complacency equally against Protestant and Catholic, invader and invaded.

To review such contests from time to time, as civilization makes progress among mankind, must necessarily be useful. We are enabled thereby to perceive what way we have made in the path of refinement, from the empire of what vices we have been delivered, and out of how thick a cloud of darkness we have escaped. The French and English of a century ago were not by any means the French and English of the present day; though we should not too much pride ourselves on the improvements effected in our national character, since there is reason to fear that, under similar circumstances, we might again relapse into the same errors and crimes. Courage, like charity, is allowed in history to cover a multitude of sins; otherwise, some of the most

dazzling reputations chronicled by fame would appear to us sadly tarnished and darkened. This must be evident to all who study the annals of the human race in any part of the world; but it is impressed with a double force upon the mind, when we behold civilized nations consenting to co-operate with savages, or plunged into a sanguinary struggle with them. It is then immediately seen with what facility the supposed civilized man reverts to the original practices of the woods. Humanity is fostered by public opinion in communities where war is practically unknown. The abstaining from shedding human blood, renders the act distasteful to the feelings of those around us; influences our own views; and our mothers, wives, and children, form a sort of jury, to try and condemn our ambition when it would plunge us into unnecessary strife.

But remove us from our habitual associations, select for the scene of conflict the wild woods of the New World, the plains of the Punjab, the mountains of Affghanistan, or the islands of the Indian Archipelago, and the appetite for slaughter revives in all its original force. Men then appear to live only that they may destroy others; and accident alone can prevent the development of the direst cruelty. The truth of this manifested itself startlingly during the whole continuance of the Canadian war. Persons fresh from Europe, nurtured in the precepts of the most merciful and humane of all religions, educated, refined, and studious, laid aside, with marvellous rapidity, the acquisitions of their youth, and became savages in all but the name. They hunted down and scalped their enemies; they disguised themselves like Indians, that they might enjoy with greater facility the pleasure of inflicting torture and death; and thus gave some colour of reality to the frightful suspicion, that, under every disguise of civilization, man is a savage still—delighting in cruelty, the gratification of revenge, and whatever else the opinion of refined societies most vehemently condemns.

De Tocqueville, in his work on the United States, observes, that the Englishman destroys the savages with whom he is brought in contact; while the Frenchman easily assimilates himself to them, acquires their peculiar qualities, and sinks to the level of their condition. There is much truth in the remark; but the history of America will not permit us to deny that Englishmen have often displayed too great a readiness to conform to the opinions and habits of the savage, and partake of the atrocious excitements in which he chiefly delights. We must not convert history into an instrument of self-flattery; but rather look its truths boldly in the face, that we may, if possible, profit by them.

Mr. Warburton (not the effeminate compiler of the 'Rupert

Memoirs,' but his brother) has presented us with a highly interesting and able picture of the history of Canada, and its conquest by the English. Into one error, common to nearly all the writers on America, he has fallen. He goes back to the period before Columbus, enumerates and describes the indications which awakened in the inhabitants of the Old World the idea that there existed a new one beyond the dark and tempestuous waters of the Atlantic, and recapitulates the principal facts connected with the fulfilment of those vague hopes. It is now full time, however, that we should drop the practice of beginning *ab ovo*. The history of America has been written; and therefore, in recording what relates to any particular portion of it, we need only take up our narrative at the point of time in which that section of the continent begins to play its part in the great drama of the world. Still, though we cannot approve of the practice of always recurring to the history of the discovery of America, and relating the great achievements of Columbus, we are not disposed to deny that Mr. Warburton has done it very ably. He contrives to awaken the reader's interest at once; and by a vigorous, bold, and manly style of narrating, commands his attention to the concluding sentence. It is uncommon to meet with a work in which we find so much to praise and so little to condemn. The author's views of men and things are almost invariably identical with our own. His sympathies, his feelings, and, perhaps, his prejudices also, are ours; and, consequently, the task of criticism is almost necessarily converted into mere eulogy. Fortunately, he has selected a subject suited to his taste and capacity. Nowhere have men displayed more valour, fertility in resources, passion for adventure, or virtue, or political greatness, than in founding the states of the New World, especially in the North. This virtue and this greatness have, indeed, been stained at times by diabolical cruelty. But as, throughout the whole system of nature, it appears to be an invariable law that good shall proceed out of evil, so, in the settlement and civilization of America, we find that, while the native tribes have melted away and disappeared, like the forests which sheltered them, millions of men and women have sprung into existence to replace the thousands that were cut off. Individuals have suffered, but the human race has been a gainer. The principle of vitality showered upon the earth in profusion, seems occasionally to be changed into a destructive element. But, while we are lamenting this circumstance, nature is secretly engaged in repairing the evil; and fertility, and beauty, and life, spring up and blossom before us, and obliterate the traces which the footsteps of death had made.

Few things are more pleasant than reading of the discoveries of new lands, inhabited by new races, and covered with new trees, plants, and flowers. It is like being transported suddenly into another planet. For this reason, the voyages of the early navigators, particularly to America, have an inexpressible charm; since they display before our eyes the regions of a new continent with vast rivers and primeval forests, and innumerable tribes of savages at first hospitable and gentle. As we read, the hope springs up within us that peace and amity may subsist between the new-comers and the aborigines of the soil; for they smile upon each other, and feast, and dance, and sing, and exchange the commodities of their respective countries. But the date of their illusion is short. Few men, when in contact with individuals far weaker than themselves, have the magnanimity to conceal their superior power, especially when accident has brought about a collision. Trusting to their fire-arms, the Europeans have generally revenged the slightest insult from uncivilized tribes by the indiscriminate infliction of death upon the spot. A reaction has then followed in the minds of the natives; who have soon been led to believe that the new comers, whom they mistook for something like deities, were rather to be confounded with the demons of their savage-worship, and rooted out accordingly from the face of the earth.

It might easily have been foreseen at the time, by a philosophical statesman, that the colonizing of America by the different nations of Europe, would inevitably occasion in that new world the renewal of those fierce and protracted struggles by which the old had been desolated. But a knowledge of this fact could not then, and does not now, prevent the outpouring of mixed streams of population to different parts of the world. Spaniards, Portuguese, French, English, seized upon various portions of the newly-discovered continent, projected settlements, built towns, and commenced the operation of reclaiming the wilderness. From the very beginning, their jealousy of each other was vindictive and relentless; and, on the frontiers of Canada and the New England States, all the fiercest passions called into action by national animosity, burnt with almost unexampled fury.

It seems, at first, to have been believed generally that Canada would have become a permanent representative of France on the new continent; for the colonists displayed great intelligence, enterprise, and perseverance, conciliated the natives, built magnificent towns and churches, applied themselves to the cultivation of the soil, and opened up numerous sources of trade and commerce. But the despotic laws of the mother country soon interfered with the prosperity of the colony, and restrained

the growth of its population ; while the settlements made by England increased and multiplied daily, were filled with a hardy race of emigrants, almost entirely independent of European control, and ready, at the first signal, to take up arms for the liberties they had acquired, against any aggressor, foreign or domestic.

France has seldom been fortunate in the attempt to plant new countries, though she has generally set about the task in a spirit of great grandeur and magnificence. Canada affords a striking example. At first, everything was projected and conducted on a vast scale. The forests were to be felled, the marshes drained, the land cultivated, the savages refined, and converted to Christianity. But ideal schemes of policy or greatness often vanish into air when the attempt is made to realize them. The Utopia which the French Socialists of our day have sought to realize in Texas, was supposed, in the seventeenth century, to have been found in Canada, whither the people were attracted by golden visions no less brilliant than those of California. But the causes inimical to human progress soon develop themselves—superstition, bad laws, the inordinate thirst of gain, speculation, extravagance, emulation, rivalry, and feudal pride. The governors oppressed the people, the officers of the commissariat plundered the army, the people rose into insurrection, the army was discontented, the civil authorities and the military officers were at variance, and the absorption of the colony into the English possessions was obviously its inevitable euthanasia.

Man has not been made to suit the theories of philosophers, but to carry out the designs of Providence, dark and mysterious to the wisest of us. Otherwise we might say to ourselves, how infinitely pleasant it would have been to behold the old rivalries of the French and English cease in the New World, and replaced by a brotherly contest as to which should display greater vigour in the pursuits of civilization. But theirs was the age of martial hatred and commercial jealousy. Wherever accident brought the races in contact, the frontier line was stained with blood. Ridges of rock and pathless tracts of snow were contended for as if they had formed so many districts of Paradise ; and, on lake or river, in mountain and forest, the life-blood of France and England's expatriated children flowed freely to expiate some ancient mysterious feud of race.

It could answer no useful purpose to enter into a minute description of the vast possessions of France and England in America, or to dwell on the wonderful features by which they are characterised. Most persons have been rendered familiar, by books or travel, with the immense lakes and boundless forests which stretch over thousands of miles, from the Atlantic to the

Pacific, whether in that part of the continent which we call Canada, or south of it in the United States. We shall, consequently, attempt no picture of those regions into whose interior solitudes neither science, nor commerce, nor adventures have hitherto penetrated. When England and France drew the sword for the mastery there, the flag of civilization had been unfurled in some few diminutive points only. Cities had been erected, but they were small and distant from each other; harbours had been formed, but they were comparatively little frequented. Even the navigation of the great lakes had been commenced, but almost in utter ignorance of their extent, or of the purposes to which it might afterwards be applied.

But, though neither France nor England knew to what uses it ought to apply its possessions, both displayed the greatest possible ambition to enlarge them. They despised what they held, and accounted it nothing unless they could obtain the whole, and the border settlers kindled and blew into a flame the political cupidity of the mother countries. Never content but when engaged in slaughtering each other, they incessantly inflicted and received unpardonable injuries. Unequal to conquest, they were yet always prepared for annoyance; and the fierce and unhappy natives, educated from the cradle in the contempt of death and the appetite for human blood, were always at hand to be the ready instruments of their aggression or revenge. It would make the heart sick, and the blood run cold, to relate the massacres and atrocities perpetrated by the French and English against each other, and their faithful allies the Indians, before it was finally determined by the British government to crush for ever the power of France in the New World, and vindicate to itself the sovereignty of the whole northern continent of America.

History labours in vain to resuscitate the memory of that series of petty wars which preceded the final struggle. No soldier rose to pre-eminence in them; no one acquired a world-wide fame. There were carnage, daring adventures, enterprises, atrocity, and crime; but the results were insignificant, though it soon became evident that the waves of Anglo-Saxon population were constantly flowing northwards as well as southwards and westwards, and were destined, ultimately, to swallow up both the Spanish, the French, and the aboriginal races. At length the names of Wolfe and Montcalm flashed forth from the obscurity, and obtained a permanent recognition in history, though destined soon to be eclipsed by the far greater reputations of Washington, Franklin, and the founders generally of the great North American republic, altogether the most surprising and momentous event in the history of the human race, since it has given permanence to

the principle of democracy, and impressed upon mankind the all-important truth that men are happiest and most prosperous when they govern themselves.

Mr. Warburton describes, in general terms, the odious characteristics of the war, which it would, perhaps, have been too painful to delineate in detail. He admits, as the reader will perceive, the faults of our own countrymen, as well as those of the enemy:—

‘It were a needless pain to dwell upon the cruelties of this bloody war. Our countrymen must bear their share, though not an equal share, in the disgrace. The contending parties readily acquired the fiendish ingenuity in the torture of their Indian allies; the Frenchmen soon became as expert as his red teacher in tearing the scalp from a prostrate enemy; and even the British soldier counted these odious trophies with unnatural triumph. In the exterminating strife, the thirst of blood became strong and deep, and was slaked not only in the life streams of the armed foe, but in that of the aged, the maimed, the helpless woman, and the innocent child. The peaceful hamlet and the smiling corn-field excited hostile fury alike with the camp, the entrenchment, and the fort, and shared in their destruction, when the defenders were overpowered. Yet still, over these murdered corpses and scenes of useless desolation, the spotless flag of France, and the Red Cross of St. George, waved in absolute triumph, proudly and remorselessly, by their symbolic presence sanctioning the disgraceful strife.’—Vol. ii. p. 241.

We shall now select a passage which occurs further on in the volume, to illustrate the manner in which the war with the natives was carried on. It is impossible to apologize for such atrocities, though it would not be difficult to explain the circumstances, or state of mind out of which they arose.

‘Early in October two hundred men were sent against the Indians of St. François, under the command of Major Rogers, an officer already distinguished for courage and ability. His orders were to inflict condign punishment on the warriors of this tribe, for a long arrear of cruelties and atrocities committed upon the unprotected British settlers, but to spare all women and children. A glance at the map of North America will show the great distance of the point of attack from Amherst’s head quarters; the route lay through one vast forest, utterly a wilderness, and untrodden by human foot, except when the invader’s deadly enemies lay in wait, or scoured the country for their destruction. The casualties and hardships of the march reduced Rogers’s small detachment by more than a fourth of its strength; the survivors, however, came in sight of the Indian village on the evening of the twenty-second day. The leader left his men in a place of concealment, and went forward alone, with necessary caution, to observe the enemy. For several hours he hovered about, now approaching close to the dangerous scene, now again falling back into the darkness of the night, and

still darker shade of the forest, until he had at length fully informed himself of the situation and state of the village. It so chanced that the savages were engaged in celebrating some of their wild and mysterious rites. They danced and shouted furiously, and devoured the war-feast with ravenous zeal. At length they lay down to sleep, exhausted by fatigue and repletion. Major Rogers, satisfied with his observations, returned to his party at two o'clock in the morning.

'A little before dawn the English detachment marched silently to within five hundred yards of the sleeping village, and laid aside their packs and all other incumbrances. Not a sound arose, not a limb moved among the Indians; in the fatal confidence of savage tactics, not a scout or sentinel was placed to give notice of impending danger. When the sun had already risen, but not yet gained sufficient strength to reach the drowsy eyes of the slumberers, Rogers formed his men, and gave the long-wished-for order to attack. With a loud cry of vengeance they burst upon the sleeping village. The surprise was complete; the Indians had no time to arm or resist. They were slain without mercy; many never wakened, others were struck down at the doors of their huts, as they endeavoured to fly; some few escaped to the great river, but were pursued by the English, and, with their frail canoes, swamped in the waters. The conquerors then fired the village, saving only three houses where corn was stored; the wretched savages who had concealed themselves in the cellars and lofts perished in the flames. By seven o'clock in the morning the destruction was accomplished, and more than two hundred Indian warriors were slain. Women and children were spared by the sword, but, doubtless, many must have perished in the fire, and in the confusion of the strife; twenty were taken alive, six of these, however, only were detained, the rest received the scant mercy of freedom to wander back to their ruined homes, and to the now lonely hunting-grounds of their tribe.'—*Ib.* p. 254.

But the instruments of inflicting misery seldom go unpunished. There is a reverberation, as it were, of evil which brings it back upon the author of it, and stuns and bewilders him with the effect of his own deeds. Major Rogers and his companions had extinguished, in a dreadful manner, a whole tribe of Indians; rendered their hearths desolate, and restored their small territory to the primeval wilderness. No sooner, however, had they accomplished their design than they discovered, in the surrounding woods, the terrible aspect of the Nemesis which waits on crime. The direst suffering tracked their return. Hunger, thirst, terror, the loss of companions, with whatever else could afflict or torture men, fell upon them. We borrow the author's own account of what they underwent, because there is a salutary moral in it which cannot be either mistaken or overlooked:—

'The English captives were released from slavery by this success, and taken under the protection of their countrymen. The loss to the

victors was very slight; one friendly Indian was killed, and Captain Ogden, with six men, were wounded. The situation of the little detachment was, however, most perilous. The prisoners informed Major Rogers that a party of one hundred French, with some savages, had discovered and seized his boats down the river; he could not doubt the truth of the unwelcome news, for they told him the exact number of his boats, and described the place where they had been left. He also learned that another force of two hundred French and fifteen Indians lay in wait for him higher up the stream. The English officers held a hurried council on their almost desperate position, and agreed unanimously that the only chance of safety lay in a return to the British settlements by the upper branches of the Connecticut river. This route was attended with toils and hardships well-nigh incredible.

'Rogers marched his detachment for eight successive days without interruption, but provisions began to fail, and it became necessary to divide his people into small parties, that each might provide for themselves as they best could. A guide was appointed to every division, and they parted near the beautiful shores of Lake Memphagassy, with orders to re-assemble at the point where the Amanrook pours into the Connecticut river; there the resident chief had before caused a depôt of provisions to be prepared. Major Rogers and his party reached the place of meeting in safety, on the 5th of November, worn out with fatigue and cold, and almost famished.

'Another party, commanded by Lieutenant George Campbell of the Rangers, underwent trials more severe than any of their companions had suffered. At one time they were four days without a morsel of food; they had wandered from the direct route, and knew not whither they went. The weak in mind went mad from suffering and despair; the weak in body sank. They had already devoured their leather straps, and the covers of their cartouche boxes; no escape and but a faint glimmering of hope remained. At length, on the 28th of October, in crossing a small stream dammed up with logs, they espied some human bodies, scalped and horribly mangled, probably the corpses of their companions. Their furious hunger knew no restraint; they did not wait even for a fire to prepare their ghastly banquet, but ate like beasts of prey; then, collecting carefully the remnants, pursued their journey. A squirrel and a few roots helped to keep them alive till the 4th of November, when, to their unutterable joy, they saw a boat on the Connecticut river, sent by Rogers to their relief. On the 7th they rejoined their companions.'—*Ib.* p. 256.

By such scenes was the final struggle between England and France in the New World heralded in. No more romantic, picturesque, or exciting field of war ever presented itself for a protracted and desperate conflict between two nations. Nature, as beheld on all sides, assumed the most gigantic aspect. Lakes, in their extent resembling seas, and of unfathomable depth, rolled their waters among thousands of verdant and fantastic isles. Forests, old as the world, swung in the hurricane over their precipitous shores, broad rivers, mountains, rapids, cataracts,

awakened curiosity, and repaid it. But most strange and mysterious of all, the wild vindictive children of the soil swarmed in dusky legions beneath the standards of the contending parties, attracted chiefly by the thirst of blood, and the delight they experienced in inflicting and witnessing torture. Those forces at the command of France and England, though fierce and formidable, were not large. Daring supplied the place of numbers. Finding that the fortunes of the war depended on a few, the courage and vigour of myriads appeared to be concentrated in them; and, with armies almost insignificant, things were accomplished which, in other times and countries, have appeared to be the achievement of a hundred-fold their numbers.

In the early part of the war, the English having laid siege to the fort of Niagara, upon the possession of which depended, in a great measure, the fate of Western Canada, the French determined, at all hazards, to relieve it. They therefore sent a body of a thousand men, under the command of Messieurs D'Aubry and De Signieres, to raise the siege. Informed of their approach, the English prepared immediately to attack them, and the aspect presented by the neighbourhood of the fort the night before the battle, is thus vividly described by Mr. Warburton:—
'Never, perhaps, has a stranger scene been witnessed than the banks of the Niagara river presented on that September night. The dark ramparts of the fort, every now and then illumined by the flash of the defender's guns, or suddenly revealed by the red light of a salvo from the hostile trenches in the open plain beyond the white forts and the huts of the besieging army, and, further on, the watch-fires of the advanced guard throwing their flickering glare upon the lofty arches of the forest, and upon the scattered groups of the British soldiery and Indian warriors. Away, still further to the West, unseen in the gloomy woods, the weak but gallant troops of France slept the sleep which most of them were to know no more. High over all the soft misty spray from the neighbouring cataract, stood, like a huge pillar of lightest summer clouds, up against the sky, while the dull, deep voice of falling waters filled the air with a solemn and unceasing sound.'

Our limits will not permit us to dwell upon the achievements of Amherst and Johnson, though full of interest, and calculated to shed lustre on the English reputation for courage. We pass on to the closing scene of French domination in America, when the battle on the Plains of Abraham gave the whole northern division of the continent to our country. Most persons are acquainted with the name, if not with the exploits of General Wolfe, whose brilliant reputation and early death remind us of the melancholy career of De Saix, who alone among the French generals might, had he lived, neutralized the influence of Napo-

leon. Mr. Warburton's portrait of Wolfe is ably drawn, and marked by those fine touches of feeling which indicate the superior writer. 'While yet a boy, James Wolfe had received the thanks of his general, the Duke of Cumberland, on the field of La Feldt. Rapid promotion had followed this distinction. As lieutenant-colonel of a regiment, the young officer had justified the notice of his superiors. He was appointed to the staff in the inglorious expedition against Rocheforte, and gathered laurels where all was barren to his associates. At the siege of Louisbourg, his transcendant merit shone in the strong light of opportunity and success; and when still in early manhood he had gained a fair maturity of fame. In him ambition was exalted by patriotism, and purified by religion. Modest in manners and conversation, he, nevertheless, possessed in action, self-reliance almost to presumption. With the prize of honourable distinction in view, his daring courage foiled every danger and difficulty, and 'obstacles were but the stepping-stones to his success.' He commanded the confidence and respect of the rude soldiers, in spite of an almost feminine sensibility. When reverses for a moment damped his hope, they at the same time served to brace his energy. Ardent and laborious, daring and provident, practical and studious, pertinacious, yet reasonable, he was dignified in command and docile in obedience. Gifted, gentle, and generous, earnest in life and devoted in death, history may grace her page with the name of no greater hero when she records the deeds of many a greater general.'

If the reader will glance over the map of Canada, and follow the course of the St. Lawrence up to Quebec, he will there, on a commanding eminence, discern the site of Wolfe's glory and death. When the French, under Jacques Cartier, first explored the shores of the great river, the prospect presented features very different from those which it had already assumed when the battle on the Plains of Abraham gave Canada to Great Britain. Many and great are the modifications it has since undergone; yet still, all the grand elements of the following picture are discernible from the heights above Quebec.

'In the angle formed by the tributary stream and the great river, stood the town of Stadacoa, the dwelling-place of the chief; thence an irregular slope ascended to a lofty height of table-land. From this eminence a bold headland frowned over the St. Lawrence, forming a rocky wall 300 feet in height. The waters of the great river, here narrowed to less than a mile in breadth, rolled deeply and rapidly past into the broad basin beyond. When the white men first stood on the summit of this bold head-land, above their port of shelter, most of the country was fresh from the hand of the Creator; save the three small barks lying at the mouth of the stream, and the Indian village,

no sign of human habitation met their view. Far as the eye could reach, the dark forest spread : over hill and valley, mountain and plain ; up to the craggy peaks, down to the water's edge ; along the gentle slopes of the rich Isle of Bacchus, and even from projecting rocks, and in fissures of the lofty precipice, the deep green mantle of the summer foliage hung its graceful folds. In the dim distance, north, south, east, and west, where mountain rose above mountain in tumultuous variety of outline, it was still the same ; one vast leafy veil concealed the virgin face of nature from the stranger's sight. On the eminence commanding this scene of wild but magnificent beauty, a prosperous city now stands ; the patient industry of man has felled that dense forest, tree by tree, for miles and miles around ; and where it stood, rich fields rejoice the eye ; the once silent waters of the great river below now surge against hundreds of stately ships ; commerce has enriched this spot, and art adorned it ; a memory of glory endears it to every British heart. But the name QUEBEC still remains unchanged as the traveller first pronounced it to the white stranger ; it stands to-day among the proudest records of our country's story.'—Vol. i. p. 53.

At this point of the narrative, events crowd and thicken upon the reader, and characters infinitely singular and striking stand forth in startling contrast with each other. The mind is attracted towards various points of an immense field of operations extending from the lake Ontario and the Niagara Falls to the mouth of the St. Lawrence and the gloomy Saguinay. Amherst, with his brilliant army of British and American settlers, and Johnson, with a horde of ferocious savages, whom, as far as practicable, he had attached to himself, attract our attention in the far West ; while Montcalm, with the chivalrous spirit of old France, De Levi, Bougainville, Townsend, Monckton, and Wolfe, excite and divide our admiration in the East. Full of movement as is the narrative, it can scarcely keep pace with the impetuous course of events. From the womb of every hour started forth some new incident, to give a colour to the war. Priests, forsaking their peaceful calling, took up arms, and led the simple, but often sanguinary inhabitants, into what they considered a sort of crusade against heretics. Nearly all stragglers from the English camp were taken and scalped, while, on the other hand, our soldiers in retaliation cut off the French colonists by scores, or burned them alive in their dwellings. War is everywhere a dreadful scourge, but when, instead of leaving it to be fought out by the regular troops, the inhabitants enter into the struggle and carry it on by the guerilla system, it degenerates into a process absolutely diabolical. Familiarity with danger, education, philosophy, sometimes enable distinguished men to shed a halo round the sacrifice of human life. But when the contest becomes very protracted, when small skirmishes, and hand to hand struggles are substituted for general movements, when the antipathies of race, and the

venom of theological hatred are enlisted on either side, it ceases altogether to be a display of great principles, and degenerates into a game of blood.

This, unfortunately, was the character of the war in Canada, which brought out into strong relief some of the worst qualities of the French and English. Occasionally atrocities were perpetrated which complaisant history may palliate, though fortunately it can never reconcile us to them. When soldiers fall before the balls or bayonets of the enemy, we look upon it as the natural course of things; and though our sympathies are awakened, our feelings are not violently shocked. But when war turns its arms towards women and children, the sensations excited in us are totally different. Horror and disgust take the place of pity, and we execrate the actors, whatever pretext of necessity they may plead. Let the reader who doubts this peruse the following, and pronounce sentence at the conclusion:—

‘A lieutenant of Rangers, with twenty men, was sent to scour the woods to the northward of the line of march, and, if possible, to gain information of the enemy’s movements. They pressed forward with somewhat rash zeal into the woody solitudes, and, being overtaken by the night, lay on their arms, and returned the next morning. While retracing their steps, they were attracted by smoke rising from a neighbouring clearing. They approached, having spread themselves into a circle, to prevent the escape of those they might discover. The smoke proceeded from a log hut, where they found and captured a man and his three sons, the eldest a youth of fifteen years. The Rangers then hurried homewards with their prize. They had not gone far on their road when the horrible war-whoop of the Indians rose behind them, and a glance showed that their assailants were in overpowering numbers. There was, however, still hope of escape, for the Rangers were hardy and active, were skilled in forest-craft, and, happily, well acquainted with the rugged and intricate paths. They plunged into the woods at a running pace, and in a few minutes emerged into another road, unknown to their fierce pursuers. But here an unfortunate difficulty arose; the elder prisoners were hurried along, unwillingly enough, but in terrified silence; not so the younger children; they filled the air with lamentations and cries of alarm, that neither entreaties nor threats could check. The British lieutenant then begged of them to leave him and return home; but the poor innocents only clung the more closely to him, and shouted the louder. The only chance of escape lay in reaching, unobserved, a pass which led to the other portion of Monckton’s brigade, and by which the Indians might not expect them to retreat. The hapless children, however, by their screams, guided the savages in their pursuit through the tangled woods, and again the war-whoop sounded close behind the fugitives. An awful moment of irresolution was succeeded by an awful resolve; the British officer, with a sorrowful heart, gave the order that his young prisoners

should be silenced for ever. The Rangers reached the brigade in safety before evening.'—Vol. ii. p. 297.

The following is the author's account of the French shooting each other in a panic :—

'The night came on still and cloudless, but very dark; the weather was intensely hot, and the British troops, wearied with the labours of the day, lay in profound repose, not dreaming that the French would venture a night attack. The sentries, indeed, paced their rounds, but, unconscious of the danger that lay under the dark shadows of the neighbouring forest, they still shouted, "All's well," as each hour passed away.

'The French advanced in two columns, silently, and at first with great steadiness; as they proceeded, the difficulty of the road, and the extreme darkness of the night, threw them into some confusion; despite the skill of their leader, and the perfect knowledge of the ground, the disorder increased. The most perfect discipline and self-confidence are rarely proof against the hazards of a night attack; among raw lines, such as were the bulk of De Chassier's followers, disorder once commenced, became inextricable. While he yet strove to reform the riotous ranks, an unexplained noise in a coppice by the road-side struck the Canadians with sudden panic, and they rapidly retraced their steps. The rear column hearing the approach of numerous footsteps from the forest, supposed that the English were hard upon them, and fired a close volley among the fugitives, who again, under a like mistake, returned the fire. The bloodshed was only stayed by both parties flying in different directions. Not less than seventy of the French were killed and wounded in this untoward enterprise. The attempt was not renewed.'—*Ib.* p. 300.

Shortly before the battle on the Plains of Abraham, a disaster occurred which nearly ruined the fortunes of the war, and afflicted Wolfe with so keen an anguish that it almost cost him his life. Numerous companies of Grenadiers, with a large body of the Royal Americans, conceived the rash design of carrying a fortified height through mere reckless confidence in their own valour, and in clear disobedience of orders. They rushed across the intervening plain, they ascended the crested hill, while the rain, falling in torrents, wetted their ammunition, and rendered useless their firelocks. Trusting, however, to their bayonets, they still impetuously urged on the assault, and reached to within a short space of the parapet. When once close, a murderous fire from the French rolled them backwards, covering the acclivity with the dead and dying. Though checked, however, their spirit was not broken. They took possession of several other outposts, and held them with sullen tenacity, till dislodged by the peremptory orders of the general, when they retired, and took up a position in the rear of Monckton's line.

'The slope of the fatal hill presented a melancholy spectacle to the British army. More than two hundred of the Grenadiers had fallen; the track of the rash advance and disastrous retreat was marked by the dying and the dead. Some red-coats lay almost under the enemy's parapet, where a few of these impetuous men had won their way; others were seen dragging their maimed limbs to seek shelter, behind rocks and trees, from the vindictive fire which the French poured upon their fallen foes. Among the wounded lay Captain Ochterlony, and Ensign Peyton, of the second battalion of the Royal Grenadiers; they had refused the proffered aid of their retreating soldiers, and, being bound together by ties of the closest friendship, determined to meet together the desperate chances of the field. They sat down side by side, bade each other farewell, and awaited their fate. In a few minutes, a Frenchman and two Indians approached, plundered the maimed officers, and were about to murder Ochterlony, when Peyton shot one of the savages with a double-barrelled gun which he still held; the other then rushed upon him, and, although receiving the contents of the second barrel, closed in mortal struggle. The Englishman succeeded, after a moment, in drawing a dagger, and, with repeated stabs, brought the Indian to the ground. In the meantime the French soldier had carried Ochterlony as a prisoner to his lines. (He died shortly afterwards.)

'Peyton now started up, and, although his leg was broken, ran forty yards towards the river; there he sank exhausted. Presently a crowd of Indians, reeking from their work of butchery, approached him from the extreme left. Peyton loaded his musket, leant upon his unwounded limb, and faced the savages; the two foremost hesitated before this resolute attitude, when, to the deep disgrace of the French, they opened a fire of musketry, and even cannon, from their breast-works, upon the maimed and solitary officer. However, at this desperate moment, relief was nigh; the Indians, who before had hesitated, now turned and fled, like scared vultures, from their prey. A detachment of the 78th Highlanders, dismayed and drove the marauders from the field, and bore the wounded Englishman in safety to the shore. This extraordinary scene occurred in full view of both armies.'—*Ib.* p. 317.

Into the details of the final battle, the deaths of Generals Wolfe and Montcalm, the surrender of Quebec and Montreal, and the ultimate cession of the province of Canada to Great Britain, we cannot attempt to enter. Mr. Warburton relates the whole with clearness and exactitude. His style is vigorous, but sometimes careless. He paints effectively, and is indifferent to the colours he employs. His work, consequently, needs revision; but, when it shall have received the author's last polish and improvement, it will deserve to be reckoned among the best historical works of the present day.

ART. II.—*The Roman : a Dramatic Poem.* By Sydney Yendys. London: Bentley. 1850.

‘POETRY is declining—poetry is being extinguished—poetry is extinct. To talk of poetry now is eccentricity—to write it is absurdity—to publish it is moonstruck madness.’ So the changes are rung. Now, it is impossible to deny that what is called poetry has become a drug, a bore, and nuisance, and that the name ‘Poet,’ as commonly applied, is at present about the shabbiest in the literary calendar. But we are far from believing that poetry is extinct. We entertain, on the contrary, sanguine hopes of its near and glorious resurrection. Soon do we hope to hear those tones of high melody, which are now like the echoes of forgotten thunder—

‘From land to land re-echoed solemnly,
Till silence become music.’

We expect, about the very time, when the presumption against the revivication of poetry shall have attained the appearance of absolute certainty to witness a ‘Tenth Avatar of Genius—and to witness its effect, too, upon the sapient personages who had been predicting that it was for ever departed.

But this, it seems, is ‘not a poetical age.’ For our parts, we know not what age has not been poetical,—in what age have not existed all the elements of poetry, been developed all its passions, and been heard many of its tones. ‘Were the dark ages poetical?’ it will be asked. Yes, for then, as now, there was pathos—there was passion—there were hatred, revenge, love, grief, despair, religion. Wherever there is the fear of death and of judgment, there is, and must be, poetry—and when was that feeling more intensely developed than during that dim period? The victims of a spell are objects of poetical interest. Here was a strong spell, embracing a world. Was no arm during the dark ages bared aloft in defence of outraged innocence? Or was no head then covered with the snows of a hundred winters, through one midnight despair? Was the voice of prayer then stifled throughout Europe’s hundred lands? Was the mighty heart of man—the throbbing of which is just poetry, then utterly silent? But it was not expressed! We maintain, on the contrary, that it was—expressed at the time, in part by monks, and scalds, and orators, and expressed afterwards in the glad energy of the spring which human nature made from its trance, into new life and motion. The elements of poetry had been accumulating in secret. The renovation of letters merely opened

a passage for what had been struggling for vent. What is Dante's work but a beautiful incarnation of the spirit of the Middle Ages? His passion is that of a sublimated Inquisitor. His 'Inferno' is such a dream as might have been dreamed by a poet monk, whose body had been macerated by austerities, and whose spirit had been darkened by long broodings on the fate of the victims of perdition. It is the poetical part of the passion of those ages of darkness finding a full voice—an eternal echo. And it was not in vain that so deep had been the slumber, when such had been its visions. There is a grandeur about any passion when carried to excess. Superstition, therefore, became the inspiration of one of the greatest productions of the universe. Dante was needed precisely when he appeared. The precise quantity of poetical material to answer the ends of a great original poet was accumulated; and the mighty Florentine, when he rose, became the mouth-piece and oracle of his age and of its cognate ages past—the exact index of all that redeemed, animated, excited, or adorned them.

The Crusades, too, were another proof that the slumber in which Europe had been buried was not absolutely and altogether that of stupor or death. They occurred after the noon of that period we usually denominate dark. But they were the realization of a dream which had often passed through the monkish heart—the embodiment of a wish which had often brought tears into the eyes of genuine enthusiasts. There was, surely, as much sublimity in the first conception as in the execution. What indeed were the Crusades, but the means of bringing to light, feelings, desires, passions, a lofty disinterested heroism, which the very depth of the former darkness had tended to foster and fire.

If the Dark Ages had thus their poetical tendencies, climbing toward a full poetic expression, surely no age need or can be destitute of theirs—need or can be called unpoetical. But the misfortune is, that men will not look at the essential poetry which is lying around them, and under their feet. They suppose their age to be unpoetical, merely because they grapple not with its great excitements, nor will venture to sail upon its 'mighty stream of tendency.' They overlook the volcano in the next mountain—while admiring or deploring those which have been extinct for centuries, or which are a thousand miles away. They are afraid that if they catch the spirit of their age in verse, they will give it a temporary stamp; and therefore they either abstain from writing, and take to abusing the age on which they have unluckily fallen, or else come to the same resolution after an unsuccessful attempt to revive faded stimulants. Dante embodied, for instance, his countrymen's rude conception of future punish-

ment—and he did well. But our modern religious poets have never ventured to meddle with those moral aspects of the subject which have now so generally supplanted the material. They talk instead, with Pollok, of the ‘rocks of dark damnation,’ or outrage common sense by such barbarous mis-creations as he has sculptured on the gate of hell, and think they have written an ‘Inferno,’ or that, if they have failed, it is because their age is not poetical.

Indeed, the least poetry is sometimes written in the most poetical ages. Men, when acting poetry, have little time either to write or to read it. There was less poetry written in the age of Charles I., than in that which preceded it, and more poetry enacted. But the majority of men only listen to the reverberations of emotion in song. They sympathize not with poetry, but with poets. And therefore, when a cluster of poets die, or are buried before they be dead, they chant dirges over the death of poetry—as if it ever did or ever could die! as if its roots, which are just the roots of the human soul, were perishable—as if, especially, when a strong current of excitement was flowing, it were not plain, that there was a poetry which should, in due time, develop its own masters to record and prolong it for ever. Surely, as long as the grass is green and the sky is blue, as long as man’s heart is warm and woman’s face is fair, poetry, like seed-time and harvest, like summer and winter, shall not cease.

There was little poetry, some people think, about England’s civil war, because the leader of one party was a red-nosed fanatic. They, for their part, cannot extract poetry from a red nose; but they are in raptures with Milton. Fools! but for that civil war, its high and solemn excitement, the deeds and daring of that red-nosed fanatic, would the ‘Paradise Lost’ ever have been written, or written as it has been? That stupendous edifice of genius seems cemented by the blood of Naseby and of Marston Moor.

Such persons, too, see little that is poetical in the American struggle—no mighty romance in tumbling a few chests of tea into the Atlantic. Washington they think insipid; and because America has produced hitherto no great poet, its whole history they regard as a gigantic common-place—thus ignoring the innumerable deeds of derringdo which distinguished that immortal contest—blinding their eyes to the ‘lines of empire’ in the ‘infant face of that cradled Hercules,’ and the tremendous sprawlings of his nascent strength—and seeking to degrade those forests into whose depths a path for the sunbeams must be hewn, and where lightning appears to enter trembling, and to withdraw in haste;—forests which must one day drop down a poet, whose genius shall be worthy of their age, their vastitude, the beauty which they inclose, and the load of grandeur below which they bend.

Nor, to the vulgar eye, does there seem much poetry in the French Revolution—though it was the mightiest tide of human passion which ever boiled and raved: a great deal, doubtless, in Burke's 'Reflections'—but none in the cry of a liberated people, which was heard in heaven—none in the fall of the Bastille—none in Danton's giant figure, nor in Charlotte Corday's homicide—nor in Madame Roland's scaffold speeches, immortal though they be as the stars of heaven—nor in the wild song of the six hundred Marseillaise, marching northward 'to die.' The age of the French Revolution was proved to be a grand and spirit-stirring age by its after results—by bringing forth its genuine poet-children—its Byrons and Shelleys—but needed not this late demonstration of its power and tendencies.

Surely our age, too, abounds in the elements of poetical excitement, awaiting only fit utterance. The harvest is rich and ripe—and nothing now is wanting but labourers to put in the sickle.

Special objections might indeed and have been taken to the poetical character of our time, which we may briefly dispose of before enumerating the qualities which a new and great poet, aspiring to be the Poet of the Age, must possess, and inquiring how far Mr. S. Yendys exhibits those qualities in this very remarkable first effort, 'The Roman.'

'It is a mechanical age,' say some. To use Shakspeare's words—'he is a mechanical salt-butter rogue who says so.' Men use more machines than formerly, but are not one whit more machines themselves. Was James Watt an automaton? Has the press become less an object of wonder or terror since it was worked by steam? How sublime was the stoppage of a mail as the index of rebellion. Luther's Bible was printed by a machine. The organ is a machine—and not the roar of a lion in a midnight forest is more sublime, or a fitter reply from earth to the thunder. The railway carriages of this mechanical age are the conductors of the fire of intellect and passion—and its steam-boats may be loaded with thunderbolts, as well as with bullocks or yarn. The great American ship is but a machine; and yet how poetical it becomes, as it walks the waters of the summer sea, or wrestles, like a demon of kindred power, with the angry billows. Mechanism, indeed, may be called the short-hand of poetry, concentrating its force and facilitating its operations.

But this is an 'age too late.' So doubted Milton, while the shadow of Shakspeare had scarce left the earth, and while he himself was writing the greatest epic the world ever saw. And so any one may say, provided he does not mutilate or restrain his genius in consequence. We have reason to bless Providence that Milton did not act upon his hasty peradventure. But some

will attempt to prove its truth, by saying that the field of poetry is limited—that the first cultivators will probably exhaust it, and that, in fact, a decline in Poetry has been observed—the first poets being uniformly the best. But we deny that the field of poetry is limited. That is nature and the deep heart of man; or, more correctly, the field of poetry is human nature, and the external universe, multiplied indefinitely by the imagination. This, surely, is a wide enough territory. Where shall poetry, if sent forth like Noah's dove, fail to find a resting-place? Each new fact in the history of man and nature is a fact for *it*—suited to its purposes, and awaiting its consecration.

'The great writers have exhausted it.' True, they have exhausted, speaking generally, the topics they have handled. Few will think of attempting the 'Fall of Man' after Milton—and Dryden and Galt, alone, have dared, to their own disgrace, to burst within Shakspeare's magic circle. But the great poets have not verily occupied the entire field of poetry—have not counted all the beatings of the human heart—have not lighted on all those places whence poetry, like water from the smitten rock, rushes at the touch of genius—have not exhausted all the 'riches fineless' which garnish the universe—nay, they have multiplied them infinitely, and shed on them a deeper radiance. The more poetry there is, the more there must be. A good criticism on a great poem becomes a poem itself. It is the essence of poetry to increase and multiply—to create an echo and shadow of its own power, even as the voice of the cataract summons the spirits of the wilderness to return it in thunder. As truly say that storms can exhaust the sky, as that poems can exhaust the blue dome of poesy. We doubt, too, the dictum that the earliest poets are uniformly the best. Who knows not that many prefer Eschylus to Homer; and many, Virgil to Lucretius; and many, Milton to Shakspeare; and that a nation sets Goethe above all men, save Shakspeare; and has not the toast been actually given, 'To the two greatest of poets—Shakspeare and *Byron*?' To settle the endless questions connected with such a topic by any dogmatical assertion of the superiority of early poets, is obviously impossible.

But 'the age will not now read poetry.' True, it will not read whatever bears the name: it will not read nursery themes; nor tenth-rate imitations of tenth-rate imitations of Byron, Scott, or Wordsworth; nor the effusions either of mystical cant, or of respectable commonplace; nor yet very willingly the study-sweepings of reputed men, who deem, in their complacency, that the world is gaping for the rinsings of their intellect. But it will read genuine poetry, if it be accommodated to the wants of the age, and if it be fairly brought before it. 'Vain to cast

pearls before swine !' Try it! Cast down the pearls before you call the men of the age swine. In truth, seldom had a true and new poet a fairer field, or the prospect of a wider favour, than at this very time. The age remembers that many of those poets it now delights to honour, were at first received with obloquy or neglect. It is not so likely to renew the disgraceful sin, since it recollects the disgraceful repentance. It is becoming wide awake, and is ready to recognise every symptom of original power. The reviews and literary journals are still, indeed, comparatively an unfair medium ; but, by their multitude and their contradictions, have neutralized each other's power, and rendered the public less willing and less apt to be bullied or blackguarded out of its senses. Were Hazlitt alive now, and called, by any miserable scribbler in the 'Athenæum' or 'Spectator,' a dunce, he could laugh in his face ; instead of retiring as he did, perhaps hunger-bitten, to bleed out his heart's blood in secret. Were Shelley now called in 'Blackwood' a madman, and Keats a mannikin, they would be as much disturbed by it as the moon at the baying of a Lapland wolf. The good old art, in short, of writing an author up or down, is dying hard, but dying fast ; and the public is beginning to follow the strange, new fashion of discarding its timid, or truculent, or too-much-seasoned tasters, and judging for itself. We have often imaged to ourselves the rapture with which a poet, of proper proportions and due culture, if writing in his age's spirit, would be received in an age when the works of Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and Keats, are so widely read and thoroughly appreciated. He would find it 'all ear.'

Great things, however, must be done by the man who cherishes this high ambition. He must not only be at once a genius and an artist, but his art and his genius must be proportioned, with chemical exactness, to each other. He must not only be a poet, but have a distinct mission and message, savouring of the prophetic—he must say, as well as sing. He must use his poetic powers as wonders attesting the purpose for which he speaks—not as mere bravados of ostentatious power. He must, while feeling the beauty, the charm, and the meaning of mysticism, stand above it, on a clear and sunlit peak, and incline *rather* to the classical and masculine, than to the abstract and transcendental. His genius should be less epic and didactic, than lyrical and popular. He should be not so much the Homer as the Tyrtæus of this strange time. He should have sung over to himself the deep controversies of his age, and sought to reduce them into an unique and intelligible harmony. Into scales of doubt, equally balanced, he should be ready to throw his lyre, as a makeweight. Not a partizan either of the old or the new,

he should seek to set in song the numerous points in which they agree, and strive to produce a glorious synthesis between them. He should stand (as on a broad platform) on the identity and eternity of all that is good and true—on the fact that ‘faiths never die, but are only translated’—on the fact that beauty physical and beauty moral are in heart the same; and that Christianity, as rightly understood, is at once the root and the flower of all truth—and, standing on this, should sing his fearless strains to the world. He should have a high idea of his art—counting it a lower inspiration, a sacred trust, a minor grace—a plant from a seed originally dropped out of the paradise of God! He should find in it a work, and not a recreation—an affair of life, not of moments of leisure. And while appealing, by his earnestness, his faith, his holiness, his genius, to the imagination, the heart, and the conscience of man, he should possess, or attain to, the mechanical ingenuity that can satisfy man’s constructive understanding, the elegance that can please his sensuous taste, the fluency that can blend ease with instruction, and the music that can touch through the ear the inner springs of his being. Heart and genius, art and nature, sympathy with man and God, love of the beautiful apparition of the universe, and of that divine halo of Christianity which surrounds its head, must be united in our poet. He should conjoin Byron’s energy—better controlled; Shelley’s earnestness—better instructed; Keats’s sensibility—guarded and armed; Wordsworth’s Christianized love of Nature; and Coleridge’s Christianized view of philosophy—to his own fancy, language, melody, and purpose; a lofty ideal of man the spirit, to a deep sympathy with man the worm, toiling, eating, drinking, struggling, falling, rising, and progressing, amid his actual environments; and become the *Magnus Apollo* of our present age.

Perhaps we have fixed the standard too high, and forced a renewal of the exclamation in *Rasselas*, ‘Thou hast convinced me that no man can ever be a poet’—or, at least, the poet thus described. But nothing, we are persuaded, is in the imagination which may not be in the fact. Had we defined a *Shakspeare* ere he arose, ‘impossible’ had been the cry. It must, too, be conceded that hitherto we have no rising, or nearly-risen, poet, who answers fully to our ideal. *Macaulay* and *Aytoun* are content with being brilliant ballad-singers—they never seek to touch the deeper spiritual chords of our being. *Tennyson*’s exquisite genius is neutralized, whether by fastidiousness of taste or by morbidity of temperament—neutralized, we mean, so far as great future achievements are concerned. *Emerson*’s undisguised Pantheism casts a cold shade over his genius and his poetry. There is something odd, mystical, and shall we say affected,

about both the Brownings, which mars their general effect—the wine is good, but the shape of the cyathus is deliberately *queer*. Samuel Brown is devoted to other pursuits. Marston's very elegant, refined, and accomplished mind, lacks, perhaps, enough of the manly, the forceful, and the profound. Bailey of 'Festus,' and Yendys of the poem before us, are the most likely candidates for the vacant laurel.

That Bailey's *genius* is all that need be desired in the 'coming poet,' will be contested by few who have read and wondered at 'Festus'—at its fire of speech, its force of sentiment, its music of sound, its Californian wealth of golden imagery; the infinite variety of its scenes, speeches, and songs; the spirit of reverence which underlies all its liberties, errors, and extravagances; and the originality which, like the air of a mountain summit, renders its perusal at first difficult, and almost deadly, but at last excites and elevates to absolute intoxication. It has, however, been objected to it, that it seems an exhaustion of the author's mind—that its purposeless, planless shape betrays a lack of constructive power—that it becomes almost polemical in its religious aspect, and gives up to party what was meant for mankind—that it betrays a tendency toward obscure, mystical raptures and allegorizings, scarcely consistent with healthy manhood of mind, and which seems *growing*, as is testified by the 'Angel World'—that there is a great gulf between the powers it indicates, and the task of leading the age—and that, on the whole, it is rather a prodigious comet in the poetical heavens, than either a still, calm luminary, or even the curdling of a future fair creation.

Admitting the force of much of this criticism, and that Bailey's art and aptitude to teach are unequal to his native power and richness of mind, we are still willing to wait for a production more matured than 'Festus,' and less fragmentary and dim than the 'Angel World;' and till then, must waive our judgment as to whether on his head the laurel crown is transcendently to flourish.

But meanwhile a young voice has suddenly been uplifted from a provincial town in England, crying, 'Hear me—I also am a poet; I aspire, too, to prove myself worthy of being a teacher. I aim at no middle flight, but commit myself at once to high, difficult, and daring song, and that, too, of varied kinds.' Nor has the voice been despised or disregarded. Some of the most fastidious of critical journals have already waxed enthusiastic in his praise. Many fine spirits, both young and old, have welcomed him with acclamation, as his own hero was admitted, for the sake of one song, into the society of a band of experienced bards. Even the few who deny—unjustly and captiously, as it appears to us—the

artistic, admit the poetical merit of his work. And we have now before us, not the miserable drudgery of weighing a would-be poet, but the nobler duty of inquiring how far a man of undoubted genius, and great artistic skill, is likely to fulfil the high-raised expectations of the period. The scene of the 'Roman' is in Italy. The hero is a patriot, filled and devoured by a love for the liberation of Italy, and for the re-establishment of the ancient Roman Republic—'One, entire, and indivisible.' To promote this purpose, he assumes the disguise of a monk; and the history of his progress—addressing now little groups, now single individuals, and now large multitudes of men—at one time captivating, unwittingly, a young and enthusiastic lady, by the fervour of his eloquence, who delivers him from death by suicide—and at another, shaking the walls of his dungeon, through the power and grandeur of his predictions and dreams—till at last, as, after the mockery of a trial, he is led forth to death, he hears the shout of his country, rising *en masse*—is the whole story of the piece. But around this slender thread, the author has strung some of the largest, richest, and most resplendent gems of poetry we have seen for years.

Let us present our readers with a few passages, selected almost at random. Take the 'Song of the Dancers' for its music:—

'*Dancers.* Sing lowly, foot slowly, oh why should we chase
The hour that gives heaven to this earthly embrace?
To-morrow, to-morrow, is dreary and lonely;
Then love as they love who would live to love only!
Closer yet, eyes of jet,—breasts fair and sweet!
No eyes flash like those eyes that flash as they meet!
Weave brightly, wear lightly, the warm-woven chain,
Love on for to-night if we ne'er love again.
Fond youths! happy maidens! we are not alone!
Bright steps and sweet voices keep pace with our own.
Love-lorn Lusignuolo, the soft-sighing breeze,
The rose with the zephyr, the wind with the trees.
While heaven, blushing pleasure, is full of love-notes,
Soft down the sweet measure the fairy world floats.'—Pp. 1, 2.

Take the Monk's Appeal to his 'Mother, Italy,' for its eloquence:—

'By thine eternal youth,
And coeternal utterless dishonour—
Past, present, future, life and death, all oaths
Which may bind earth and heaven, mother, I swear it.
We know we have dishonoured thee. We know
All thou canst tell the angels. At thy feet,
The feet where kings have trembled, we confess,
And weep; and only bid thee live, my mother,

To see how we can die. Thou shalt be free !
 By all our sins, and all thy wrongs, we swear it.
 We swear it, mother, by the thousand omens
 That heave this pregnant time. Tempests for whom
 The Alps lack wombs—quick earthquakes—hurricanes
 That moan and chafe, and thunder for the light,
 And must be native here. Hark, hark, the angel !
 I see the birthday in the imminent skies !
 Clouds break in fire. Earth yawns. The exulting thunder
 Shouts havoc to the whirlwinds. And men hear,
 Amid the terrors of consenting storms,
 Floods, rocking worlds, mad seas, and rending mountains,
 Above the infinite clash, one long great cry,
 THOU SHALT BE FREE !—Pp. 14, 15.

Take the few lines about 'Truth,' for their depth:—

'Truth is the equal sun,
 Ripening no less the hemlock than the vine.
 Truth is the flash that turns aside no more
 For castle than for cot. Truth is a spear
 Thrown by the blind. Truth is a Nemesis
 Which leadeth her beloved by the hand
 Through all things ; giving him no task to break
 A bruised reed, but bidding him stand firm
 Though she crush worlds.'—Pp. 21, 22.

Take, for its harrowing power, blended with beauty, the description of a 'Lost Female,' symbolizing the degradation of Italy, and addressed to the heroine of the tale:—

'Or, oh prince's daughter, if
 In some proud street, leaning 'twixt night and day
 From out thy palace balcony to meet
 The breeze—that tempted by the hush of eve,
 Steals from the fields about a city's shows,
 And like a lost child, scared with wondering, flies
 From side to side in touching trust and terror,
 Crying sweet country names and dropping flowers—
 Leaning to meet that breeze, and looking down
 To the so silent city, if below,
 With dress disordered and dishevelled passions
 Streaming from desperate eyes that flash and flicker
 Like corpse-lights, (eyes that once were known on high,
 Morning and night, as welcome there as thine,)
 And brow of trodden snow, and form majestic
 That might have walked unchallenged through the skies,
 And reckless feet, fitful with wine and woe,
 And songs of revel that fall dead about
 Her ruined beauty—sadder than a wail—
 (As if the sweet maternal eve for pity
 Took out the joy, and, with a blush of twilight,

Uncrowned the Bacchanal)—some outraged sister
 Passeth, be patient, think upon yon heaven,
 Where angels hail the Magdalen, look down
 Upon that life in death and say—My country!—P. 36.

'Take, for its wondrous pathos and truth, the description of
 'Infancy :—

'Thou little child,
 Thy mother's joy, thy father's hope—thou bright
 Pure dwelling where two fond hearts keep their gladness—
 Thou little potentate of love, who comest
 With solemn sweet dominion to the old,
 Who see thee in thy merry fancies charged
 With the grave embassage of that dear past,
 When they were young like thee—thou vindication
 Of God—thou living witness against all men
 Who have been babes—thou everlasting promise
 Which no man keeps—thou portrait of our nature,
 Which in despair and pride we scorn and worship.'—Pp. 71, 72.

But time would fail us to quote, or even indicate, a tithe of the beautiful, melting, and magnificent passages in this noble 'Roman.' We would merely request the reader's attention to the whole of the sixth scene; to the ballad, a most exquisite and pathetic one, entitled the 'Winter's Night;' to the 'Vision of Quirinus,' a piece of powerful and condensed imagination; and, best of all, to the 'Dream of the Coliseum,' in scene viii.—a dream which will not suffer by comparison with that of Sardanapalus.

But it is not the brilliance of occasional parts and passages alone, which justifies us in pronouncing the 'Roman' an extraordinary production. We look at it as a whole, and thus regarding it, we find—first, a wondrous freedom from faults, major or minor, juvenile or non-juvenile; wondrous, inasmuch as the author is still very young, not many years, indeed, in advance of his majority. There is exaggeration, we grant, in passages, but it is exaggeration as essential to the circumstances and the characters as Lear's insane language is to his madness, or Othello's turbid tide of figures to his jealousy. The hero—an enthusiast—speaks always in enthusiastic terms; but of extravagance we find little, and of absurdity or affectation none. Diffusion there is, but it is often the beautiful diffusion of one who dallies with beloved thoughts, and will not let them go till they have told them all that is in their heart. And ever and anon we meet with strong single lines and separate sentences, containing truth and fancy concentrated as 'lion's marrow.'

Take a few specimens. Of Italy he says :—

‘She wraps the purple round her outraged breast,
And even in fetters cannot be a slave.’

Again, she

‘Stands manacled before the world, and bears
Two hemispheres—innumerable wrongs,
Illimitable glories.’

‘The soul never
Can twice be virgin—the eye that strikes
Upon the hidden path to the unseen
Is henceforth for two worlds.’

‘To both worlds
—The inner and the outer—we come naked,
The very noblest heart on earth, hath oft
No better lot than *to deserve*.’

‘Before every man the world of beauty,
Like a great artist, standeth night and day
With patient hand retouching in the heart
God’s defaced image.’

‘Rude heaps that had been cities clad the ground
With history.’

‘Strange fragments
Of forms once held divine, and still, *like angels*,
Immortal everywhere.’

‘The poet,
In some rapt moment of intense attendance,
The skies being genial, and the earthly air
Propitious, catches on the inward ear
The awful and unutterable meanings
Of a divine soliloquy.’

‘The very stars themselves are nearer to us than to-morrow.’

‘The great man . . . is set
Among us pigmies, with a heavenlier stature,
And brighter face than ours, that we must *leap*
Even to smite it.’

‘Great merchants, men
Who dealt in kingdoms ; ruddy aruspex,
And pale philosopher, who bent beneath
The keys of wisdom.’

‘The Coliseum . . . stood out dark
With thoughts of ages : like some mighty captive
Upon his deathbed in a Christian land,
And lying, through the chant of Psalm and Creed
Unshriven and stern, with peace upon his brow,
And on his lips strange gods.’

Our readers must perceive from such extracts, that our author belongs more to the masculine than to the mystic school. Deep in thought, he is clear in language and in purpose. Since Byron's dramas, we have seldom had such fiery and vigorous verse. He blends the strong with the tender, in natural and sweet proportions. His genius, too, vaults into the lyric motion with very great ease and mastery. He is a minstrel as well as a bard, and has shown power over almost every form of lyrical composition. His sentiment is clear without being commonplace, original, yet not extravagant, and betokens, as well as his style, a masculine health, maturity, and completeness, rarely to be met with in a first attempt. Above all, his tone of mind, while sympathizing to rapture with the liberal progress of the age, is that of one who feels the eternal divinity and paramount power of the Christian religion; that what God has once pronounced true can never become a lie; that what was once really alive may change, but can never die; that Christianity is a fact, great, real, and permanent, as birth or death; and that its seeming decay is only the symptom that it is putting off the old skin, and about to renew its mighty youth.

We have thus found many, if not all, the qualities of our ideal poet united in the author of the 'Roman,' and are not ashamed to say that we expect more from him than from any other of our rising 'Sons of the Morning.' But he must work and walk worthy of his high vocation, and of the hopes which now lie upon him—hopes which must either be the ribands of his crown or the cords of his sacrifice. He must discard his tendency to diffusion, and break in that demon-steed of eloquence, who sometimes is apt to run away with him. He must give us next, not scattered scenes, but a whole epic, the middle of which shall be as obvious as the beginning or the end. He should, in his next work, seek less to please, startle, or gain an audience, than to tell them in thunder and in music what they ought to believe and to do. Thus acting, he may 'fill his crescent-sphere;' revive the power and glory of song; give voice to a great dumb struggle in the mind of the age; rescue the lyre from the camp of the Philistines, where it has been but too long detained; and render possible the hope, that the day shall come when again, as formerly, the names 'of poet and of prophet are the same.'

ART. III.—*Foot-Prints of the Creator.* By Hugh Miller. Johnstone and Hunter, Edinburgh and London.

It is shrewdly observed by the author of this work, that the great struggle of our time is, *Law versus Miracle*. If we have not actually arrived at this point, no one watchful of the progress of events and opinions will doubt that we are fast approaching it. The battle-ground of truth is, in a great measure, changed. New combatants have entered the field; weapons of a different mould are in use; but the object aimed at is the same—the subjugation of Evangelism, the triumph of the system of Nature over that of Revelation.

The opponents of Christianity, as a system perfect, and of divine authority, have quitted the field of metaphysics; and even the moral argument is now generally given up. In the writings of this class, you will, indeed, find arguments of a metaphysical cast, used relatively to the existence of God, the nature of the soul, the future state, and so on; but whilst these ideas, and others of a kindred nature, find a place in their philosophy, they are also most certainly and most clearly embodied in the Bible. The most intelligent sceptics are forward to extol the excellency of the characters brought before us in this book, and frankly admit the high moral tendency of the precepts it contains. Those who lead on the forces of the enemy are still real or would-be philosophers; but they are philosophers of a different school, and their energies are exercised in a different direction. It is from the facts of physical science that the chief arguments in use at the present time against Revelation are derived. It is from this storehouse that the weapons of keenest edge and deadliest thrust are drawn. Men who had not the skill to wield the other, can wield these with great dexterity and effect. Multitudes will quail before a *fact*, real or supposed, who would remain proof against a metaphysical argument, however well put. An astronomical phenomenon, or a geological discovery, will do more mischief, in the hands of such men as Lamarck and Professor Oken, than the subtle arguments of David Hume.

We do not admit that there exists antagonism between Nature and Revelation. It is the object of our opponents to assert that there does; but they fail to prove their assertion. They have, indeed, proved that certain contracted ideas, believed by many to be taught in the Bible, are contradicted and exploded by the discoveries of science; but that is a very different thing from the

contradiction and refutation of the real sentiments of the book. The idea of the universe, the relative magnitudes of the members of the solar system, the age of the earth, and the introduction of death into this fair world before the fall of man, are points on which advancing science is throwing strange but brilliant light. On these points, the friends of the Bible must change or enlarge their views; and it is satisfactory to the friends of truth to observe, that this necessary process is going steadily forward. But, when all the light which science can impart is received—when the universe is felt to be, to us, infinite—when this globe is known to be but a point, in comparison with many of those stars that sparkle in the heavens—when the earth is admitted to have passed through many unmeasured epochs, previous to the creation of man, and preparatory to its becoming his habitation—when decay and dissolution are acknowledged to be necessary conditions of life, and death is seen carrying havoc through all the tribes of animated nature, long before there existed a rational creature to question the authority of the Creator—what is gained to the sceptical philosophy, and what is lost to the Bible? Nothing! The Bible ideas remain untouched; the Bible phraseology assumes a grander aspect. It is still true, that ‘in the beginning God *created* the heaven and the earth.’ It is still true, that man was *late* in being placed upon this globe. It is still true, that death is the *punishment* for man’s transgression, and that every member of the race is, before he undergoes a spiritual change, destitute of the *image* of God.*

The struggle of the present age is, Law *versus* Miracle;—the miracle of the first grand act of creation—the miracle of each succeeding act of interposition on the part of God, when new, and higher forms of life were to be placed upon the earth, as the science of geology tells; and the whole class of miracles which stamp the Bible as a book of supernatural origin, and possessed of divine authority. Hear what W. J. Fox affirms (he does not *prove* it), than whom the new school of philosophy boasts not a more eloquent teacher:—‘The notion of law, universal law, in nature, when once it arises, and is clearly apprehended, brings what is called *creation* within the same category as the events by which it is followed; it sees in them all developments, and developments only—the one infinite, universal, and eternal, the great Original, and all else modifications and manifestations.’†

* The reader who desires to see the general question of the connexion between science and Scripture treated, in what appears to us the most intelligent way, is referred to the very able work of Dr. J. Pye Smith, on ‘Geology and Scripture.’ For a more elementary and popular view of the same question, we refer to a little work entitled, ‘The Mosaic Creation viewed in the light of Modern Geology,’ published in Glasgow, by Maclehose.

† The Religious Idea, p. 97.

The development theory of the 'Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation,' is just a popular amplification of the idea embodied in the above sentence; or rather, this sentence is the essence of that theory. And are not our German neighbours busy, and not a few in our own country are engaged in the same work, exorcising miracles from the text of Scripture, expounding them on natural principles, or throwing around them the haze of historic twilight, and classing them in the category of myths? Would that Christians were better equipped to meet the enemy on his chosen ground!

The parties who occupy this ground, apply their theory to all truth, physical, moral, and spiritual. The whole is according to law—a three-fold series of magnificent developments. Now, no intelligent Christian will deny, that there is law and order alike in the natural and moral world; and that, in an important sense, we may rightly apply to both the term 'development,' explicative of certain grand processes, completed, or in progress. The true theory of development, as it is obtained from a wide induction of facts, we shall, in due time, place before the reader; meanwhile, we cannot but remark that a peculiar difficulty besets those who defend the ancient truth. It is admitted that there is law and development; but there is something more, there is creation and miracle. The men of progress ask: If there is law, what need is there for miracle, and where can it find place?—if there is development, what need is there for special acts of creation, and at what stages in the geological processes can you insert them? The world is fast coming to the belief, they affirm, that it is all law and development, and nothing more. Now, we certainly do not mean to admit, that it cannot be proved that miracles and acts of creation have been; but what we mean to say is this, namely, that it is not so easy to prove the latter, as it is to affirm the former. Multitudes will be carried away by the affirmation, who would turn a deaf ear to your reasoning.

Our object, in this article, is to furnish the evidence derived from one department of nature—namely, Geology—in favour of the old truth; and against the comparatively recent theory of development, as advanced and defended in the 'Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation.' We are incited to this undertaking by the appearance of the work before us; and shall be guided in our line of defence, attack, and illustration, in great part, by the plan which the author follows.

The advocates of the development hypothesis appeal to the science of geology. There, they assert, the evidence is full and decisive in favour of their idea, and it is patent to all. The confident boldness with which this assertion has been made, may have disconcerted those friends of Bible-truth who are un-

acquainted with the science; but let them gather courage, and put from them all apprehension—for they may rest assured, that it is, as we shall speedily show, nothing better than vain boasting.

Of the four great classes of vertebrate creatures, the fishes appear first in the geological formations. They were the earliest created of all the vertebrata, and existed for ages previous to the others. Innumerable species, and many genera, had lived their destined periods, and been swept away; nay, whole families had perished, and left not a single representative among the denizens of the ocean, before the reptilian dynasty had sprung up, at God's omnipotent bidding, to assume the sovereignty over the elder but inferior tribes. The knowledge of their very existence was hid till recently. Geology drew aside the veil, and allowed us to look back upon the scene when no creature higher in the scale of existence than fishes, had yet been placed upon the earth. But how numerous were they, how fantastic their shapes, how gigantic the proportions of some of them, and how beautiful were they all! It has introduced us to a storehouse wide and long; and full of all sorts of organic forms, and shields of creatures, that in these ancient times, reigned monarchs of the ocean.

The class of fishes divides itself naturally into two series, namely, the *cartilaginous* and the *osseous*. 'The osseous embraces that vast assemblage which naturalists describe as fishes, properly so called; and whose skeletons, like those of mammalia, birds, and reptiles, are composed chiefly of a calcareous earth, pervading an organic base. Hence the durability of their remains. In the cartilaginous series, on the contrary, the skeleton contains scarce any of this earth; it is a framework of indurated animal matter, elastic, semi-transparent, yielding easily to the knife, and, like mere animal substances, inevitably subject to decay. I have seen the large cartilaginous skeleton of a shark lost in a mass of putrefaction in less than a fortnight. I have found the minutest bones of the osseous ichthyolites of the Lias entire after the lapse of unnumbered centuries.*' These two series of fishes do not exist in succession; they were contemporary. They do not constitute one line prolonged; they rather exist as parallel lines. The cartilaginous line extends further than the other, in both directions; it goes lower, and it rises higher—that is, there are genera belonging to this great series lower in the scale of organization, and there are genera higher in the scale than any belonging to the osseous series. The cartilaginous fishes are not so prolific as the osseous; they are not so numerous in genera and families; but they stretch over a greater number of degrees in the scale of organization.

* Miller's Old Red Sandstone, pp. 85, 86.

Irrespective of this double series (of Cuvier), the class of fishes is arranged into four orders. In this very brief statement, preparatory to the entering upon our argument, we follow the classification of Agassiz, in preference to that of Cuvier. There are recent modifications even of this theory, which promise to be of assistance to the naturalist, but to these we need not at present refer. Agassiz arranges the class of fishes into four orders, according to the peculiarity of their scales. The first is called *Placoid*, from the Greek for broad plate. The scales of this order are enamelled, but are very irregular, sometimes being large, and sometimes being reduced to small points. The second is called *Ganoid*, from the Greek word splendour. The scales of this order are angular, composed internally of bone, and coated with enamel. The third is called *Ctenoid*, from the Greek for comb. The scale of this order is not coated with enamel; and the outer edge is jagged like the teeth of a comb. The fourth is called *Cycloid*, from the Greek for circle. The scales of this order are smooth and simple at the margin. The third and fourth orders include almost the whole number of existing species; it is with the first and second that we have to do at present, as they include all those ancient organisms, the accurate examination of which must result either in the establishment or overthrow of the theory of development.

There are two arguments, to which we ask the careful attention of our readers, connected with this department of our subject. We confine ourselves to the fishes of the *Palæozoic* period. There is the argument from *size*, and the argument from *organization*.

1. *The Argument from Size*.—At first view this argument may not assume an aspect of much importance. A creature may be large, or it may be small, one may think, without altering the matter much either way. True, but some things, trivial in themselves, become of importance by reason of circumstances, or by reason of the use which may be made of them. The advocates of the development hypothesis have chosen to occupy ground, which leads them to attach a somewhat fictitious value to this argument. But having chosen this ground, it is the part of the defenders of Truth to meet them there, and if it may be, to discomfit them with their own weapons. The importance of the argument will immediately appear.

‘No organism,’ says Professor Oken, ‘is, nor ever has been created, which is not microscopic. Whatever is larger has not been created, but developed. Man has not been created, but developed.’ No one acquainted with the ‘*Vestiges*,’ needs to be informed, that the author of that work starts from the same point. It is a fundamental principle, then, with this school, that

every organism, that can, in any sense, be spoken of as created, was *small in size*. Now, according to this hypothesis, the earliest specimens we have of fishes, *ought* to be small ; for though they may not admit, that they came otherwise into existence than by development, still, even on their own principle, their predecessors being invertebrate and diminutive, they could not be large. But what are the facts of the case? Very different, indeed, from those demanded by this hypothesis. A few years ago, we could not have spoken so strongly in reply to this question. The general impression then, even among geologists who did not countenance this theory, was, that the earliest fishes were, in all probability, small. Mr. Miller, in the first edition of his interesting work on the Old Red Sandstone, gave currency to the same impression. But since then, within the space of two or three years, discoveries have been made by Sir R. J. Murchison, Mr. Miller, and others, in the older formations, that demonstrate this impression to be erroneous.

In the lowest beds of the Old Red Sandstone, which had not previously yielded any specimens of the same family of fishes, a most interesting organism was discovered. Whilst Mr. Miller was picking up his specimens in the North of Scotland, and with great patience and no less ingenuity, framing out of them an entire organism, Sir R. J. Murchison, and others, were making similar discoveries in the same formation developed in Russia. Time, and perhaps the patience of the reader, too, would fail us, to tell how many lengthened examinations and comparisons were made, and how many shrewd guesses were thrown out, before the *asterolepis* stood forth in its genuine proportions and real magnitude.

To place the argument in a clear light, we shall furnish a very brief sketch of the characteristic fishes of each of the three great divisions of the Old Red Sandstone, beginning with the upper, or more recent, formation ; after which, we shall direct attention to those specimens of the ichthyolite remains that have been recently discovered in the Silurian systems—the oldest vertebrate fossils known to exist. If the theory of development be true, as we descend the geological scale the fishes will be found to be less and less perfectly developed, not only in organization, but also in size. That many of the fishes that then existed were small, is not denied—just as many of the present inhabitants of the waters are small ; but that the further back you go, the characteristic fishes become more and more diminutive, is an assertion not proved by geology.

The upper division of the Old Red contains a fish entitled *holoptychius*. It was a remarkable creature, and seems to have been the last introduced, previous to the opening of the newer

Palæozoic period. The head was small compared with the body, and was enclosed within bony plate. The jaws were likewise of bone, outer surface polished, coated with enamel, and unclothed with skin. It had two rows of teeth; the inner row, at least twenty times larger than the outer. It measured over thirty inches in length, and about twelve in breadth. In the *middle* formation, the *cephalaspis*, or buckler-headed fish occurs. Miller compares this singular organism to the ordinary saddler's cutting-knife. The crescent-like blade represents the head, and the tapering handle the body; consequently the head is very large in proportion to the body. This fish, so far as yet known, does not seem to have reached a great size; the specimens found not exceeding seven inches in length by three in breadth. A fish about the same size, but of very different construction, occurs in the *lower* formations of the Old Red—its name is *pterichthys*. Contemporary with this fish there was another, by name *coccosteus*. The general appearance of the two fishes was the same, but they differed in many important points. The *coccosteus* had a triangular shaped body, tapering away to the tail, and was covered almost entirely by a central plate: it possessed a long vertebrated tail. Specimens of this fish have been found fully two feet long. In the same formation, the lower portion of the Old Red, the new organism, called from the external appearance of its scales *asterolepis*, and figured and described for the first time in the work before us, was found. This earliest specimen of the ganoid order was of gigantic proportions; and its discovery has quite deranged our ideas of the ancient fish-world. It would not have startled us much if it had proved a fish of two or three feet in length; but instead of this, from bones discovered in the Russian field, and most carefully examined by men of the highest standing in ichthyology, it must have measured from eighteen to three-and-twenty feet! 'Thus,' adds Miller, 'in the not unimportant circumstance of size, the most ancient ganoids yet known, instead of taking their place, agreeably to the demands of the development hypothesis, among the sprats, sticklebacks, and minnows of their class, took their place among its huge basking sharks, gigantic sturgeons, and bulky sword-fishes. They were giants, not dwarfs.'—P. 103.

So much for the ichthyic organisms of the Old Red; what of those of the Silurian systems? If the development hypothesis has so signally failed in securing ground on which to stand, among the ichthyolites of the former system, how will it fare among those of the latter? Till very recently, no remains of fishes had been discovered in the beds of the Silurian systems; and on this negative evidence, a foundation always dangerous to build upon, the advocates of the hypothesis which we are com-

bating had rested much. The course they pursued was unwise, and the facts about to be stated demonstrate their folly. It is necessary, however, to premise, that owing to the limited number of specimens found, and these being confined to teeth and fragments of spines, we cannot speak with the same decision and certainty here. The ichthyolites of the Silurian system, belonged exclusively to the *placoid* order of fishes; and the scales of this order are not so well fitted for preservation, as are the scales of the *ganoid* order, to which all the Old Red organisms belong. But if the specimens be scanty, and difficult to determine, they are scattered over many beds—they exist during the depositing of the whole double system, the upper and lower Silurian; nay, it was announced two years ago, by the geologists of the government survey, that they had detected the remains of a fish in the limestones of Bala—a formation belonging to the Cambrian system, below all the Silurian rocks. Its predecessors are corals, enchrenites, and simple *fucoids*, or sea-weeds. What becomes now of the following bold assertion of the author of the 'Vestiges,' in his volume of 'Explanations?'—'It is still customary to speak of the earliest fauna as one of an elevated kind. When rigidly examined, it is not found to be so. In the first place, *it contains no fish*. I fix my opponents down to the consideration of this fact, so that no diversion respecting high molluscs shall avail them.' Verily, we need another volume of 'Explanations;' but when the author ventures upon it, we would suggest that he should find himself, in honour, 'fixed down to the consideration of facts;' for we assure him, 'that no diversion respecting' embryotic fishes, and so on, 'shall avail him,' in this controversy.

But what of the size of these primeval fishes? Were they, for their kind, dwarfish, and therefore apparently giving countenance to the development hypothesis? Their nearest representatives according to Agassiz, are the existing *cestracion* and *spinax*. Miller compares the fossil species with the species of the *spinax acanthias*, or common dog-fish, and of the Port Jackson shark, and brings out the following results:—The common dog-fish, used by our author for the purpose of comparison, was exactly *two-feet three-inches* in length. The defensive spines were respectively *an inch-and-a-half* and *two-inches* long. The Port Jackson shark measured *twenty-two three-fourth-inches* in length. Its spines measured, respectively, *one-half-inch*, and *one-fifth-inch*. But the defensive spine of the *Onchus Murchisoni*, in one of the Ludlow specimens, though mutilated at both ends, measures *three-inches and five-eighth-parts* in length. Though but a fragment, it is nearly twice the length of the largest spine of the dog-fish, and considerably more than twice the length

of the largest spine of the Port Jackson shark. In all probability, therefore, the placoids of the Silurian systems—the first known fishes which God created and made (for surely no one will maintain that there is the slightest evidence of development here)—were twice the size of the dog-fish and shark of the present seas! It thus appears, that the argument from size is entirely and unequivocally against the development hypothesis. The fishes of the Silurian and Cambrian seas might have been exclusively of a small type, without establishing this hypothesis; but some of them, at least, having been, for their kind, so gigantic, all speculation for the present should be laid aside, and the old truth allowed to stand unchallenged.

2. *The Argument from Organization.*—In itself, this is a more important argument than the one from size; but we shall endeavour to condense it into a space equally limited. It is strictly a three-fold argument, having reference to the *ichthyolite tail*, and *skull*, and *brain*. Before proceeding to the illustration of these points, we shall quote a paragraph bearing upon the structure of the higher vertebrata in the embryotic state:—

‘In the first place, let us remark, that the cartilaginous structure of the placoid bears no very striking analogy to the cartilaginous structure of the higher vertebrata in the embryotic state. In the case of the Delphinidæ, with their soft skeletons, the analogy is greatly more close. Bone consists of animal matter, chiefly gelatinous, hardened by a diffusion of inorganic earth. In the bones of young and fœtal mammalia, inhabitants of the land, the gelatinous prevails; in the old and middle-aged, there is a preponderance of the earth. Now, in the bones of the dolphin there is comparatively little earth. The analogies of its internal skeleton bear, not on the skeletons of its brethren, the mature full grown mammals of the land, but on the skeletons of their immature or fœtal offspring. But in the case of the true placoids, that analogy is faint indeed. Their skeletons contain true bone;—the vertebral joints of the sharks and rays possess each, as has been shown, an osseous nucleus, which retains, when subjected to the heat of a common fire, the complete form of the joint; and their cranial framework has its surface always covered over with hard osseous points. But though their skeletons possess thus their modicum of bone, unlike those of embryotic birds or mammals, they contain, in what is properly their cartilage, no gelatine. The analogy signally fails in the very point in which it has been deemed specially to exist.—P. 144.

The advocates of the development hypothesis attach great importance to this fact in the early history of individuals—that of embryotic development. It is, they affirm, the very keystone of their system. But it is marvellous that they do not perceive the failure of the analogy, so clearly exhibited in the

above extract. Besides, the fact that individuals, in their embryotic state, pass through certain stages on their way to perfection, does not prove that Nature follows the same course in elaborating her highest and most perfect creatures. In nature, every creature, from the highest to the lowest in the scale of organization, is perfect, *according to its kind*, and serves some distinct purpose in the grand economy of animal life. But would the fœtus, if arrested at any of the stages in its progress to maturity, be pronounced perfect, in the sense of fulfilling the functions of those creatures at whose types its development happened to be staid? Assuredly not. Then the embryotic development does not find a counterpart in the system of external nature.

The *tail* of almost all the ancient ganoids was *heterocercal*, or one-sided, like that of their representatives in present seas—the dog-fish and the shark. The vertebræ extend into the upper lobe of the tail, and terminate in a point, not unlike the tail of a reptile; while the under lobe is much diminished, and in some instances nearly disappears. Now, this is precisely the form of the tail of the young salmon, and, as far as yet examined, that of all the embryotic fishes. This correspondence between the fœtal fishes and the ancient ganoids, in the matter of the form of the tail, is viewed as a most valuable argument by the Lamarckians. They overlook two things. First, what may be a sign of immaturity in one creature, does not necessarily become a sign of low organization when it appears in another of mature growth. Low organization, and imperfect fœtal development, are things perfectly distinct. On what principle, therefore, can it be maintained that a characteristic of the one must also be a characteristic of the other? Secondly, if we may be permitted to judge from analogy, this form of tail seems rather to be indicative of a high, than of a low, organization. Is it not the form of the reptilian tail—creatures higher in the scale than fishes? The same type is preserved in all the superior tribes of animals.

On the formation of the *skull* of the earliest ichthyolites, Mr. Miller leads a long and very able argument. It is impossible to condense it into such small compass as would enable us to insert it in this place; but referring the reader, who has a wish to make himself acquainted with the argument, to the work itself, we shall quote the conclusion at which he arrives. It is urged, by at least one of the Continental advocates of the development hypothesis, that light was the main agent in developing the substance of nerve—that the nerves, ranged in pairs, in turn develop the vertebræ, each vertebra being but the envelope of a pair of nerves; and that the nerves of those

four senses of smell, sight, taste, and hearing, which, according to Professor Oken, make up the head, originated the four cranial vertebræ which constitute the skull. After inquiring into the real history of the cerebral development of the vertebrata, as recorded in the rocks of the earlier geologic periods, Mr. Miller remarks:—

‘With regard to that rudimentary state of the *occipital* framework of the placoids, to which the author of the “*Vestiges*” refers, it may be but necessary to say that, notwithstanding the simplicity of their box-like skulls, they bear, in their character, as cases for the protection of the brain, at least as close an analogy to the skulls of the higher animals as those of the osseous fishes, which consist usually of the extraordinary number of from sixty to eighty bones—a mark, the author of the “*Vestiges*” himself being judge in the case, rather of inferiority than the reverse. “Elevation is marked in the scale,” we find him saying, “by an animal exchanging a multiplicity of parts serving one end for a smaller number.” The skull of a cod consists of about thrice as many separate bones as that of a man. But I do not well see that, in this case, the fact either of *simplicity* in excess, or of *multiplicity* in excess, can be insisted on, in either direction, as a proper basis for argument.’—P. 150.

Again he remarks, at the conclusion of the section on the cerebral development of the earlier vertebrata:—

‘But while we find a place, in that geological history in which every character is an organism, for the “ideal exemplar” of Professor Owen, we find *no* place in it for the vertebræ-developed skull of Professor Oken. The true genealogy of the head runs in a different line. The nerves of the cerebral senses did not, we find, originate cerebral-vertebræ—seeing that the heads of the first and second geologic periods had their cerebral nerves, but *not* their cerebral vertebræ; and that what are regarded as cerebral vertebræ appear, for the first time, not in the early fishes, but in the reptiles of the coal formation. That line of succession through the fish, indicated by the Continental assertor of the development hypothesis, is a line cut off. All the existing evidence conspires to show, that the placoid heads of the Silurian system were, like the placoid heads of the recent period, mere cartilaginous boxes; and that in the succeeding system there existed ganoid heads, that to the internal cartilaginous box added external plates of bone, the homologues, apparently—so far, at least, as the merely cuticular could be representative of the endo-skeletal—of the opercular, maxillary, frontal, and occipital bones in the osseous fishes of a long posterior period—fishes that were not ushered upon the scene until after the appearance of the reptile in its highest forms, and of even the marsupial quadruped.’—P. 69.

But, after all, it is not by solidity of bone and the formation of the skull and mouth, so much as by the article of *brain*, that the development hypothesis is to be tested. Were it to be at-

tempted to classify the various creatures on the former principle, all order would disappear from the system of animated nature. Creatures that are low in the scale of organization, would displace those that are high. Birds would take the place of man, lions and tigers would stand before him; and he would find himself no higher in the scale than at the head of the reptiles. But, if the brain-test be adopted, man and every other creature will fall into their respective places; and their right to take and retain their positions will be demonstrated by the various degrees of manifested intelligence. Even the author of the 'Vestiges' admits and argues on this principle of classification; being either forgetful of the ground he occupies in other parts of his work, or, being over-anxious for the establishment of his theory, allows himself to be involved in confusion and contradiction. 'How very different,' says Miller, 'the appearance presented, when, for *solidity of bone*, we substitute *development of brain*! Man takes his proper place at the head of creation; the lower mammalia follow—each species in due order, according to its modicum of intelligence; the birds succeed the mammalia; the reptiles succeed the birds; the fishes succeed the reptiles; next in the long procession come the invertebrate animals—and these, too, take rank, if not according to the development of brain proper, at least according to their development of the *substance* of brain. The occipital nervous ganglion of the scorpion greatly exceeds in size that of the earth-worm; and the occipital nervous ring of the lobster, that of the intestinal ascaris. At length, when we reach the lowest, or *acrite* division of the animal kingdom, the substance of brain altogether disappears. It has been calculated by naturalists that, in fishes, the brain bears the proportion to the spinal cord of about two to one; in reptiles, of about two and a half to one; in birds, of about three to one; in mammals, of about four to one; and in the 'high-placed, sceptre-bearing human family,' a proportion of not less than *twenty-three* to one.

But were the placoid fishes, specimens of which occur in the lowest fossiliferous rocks, really possessed of a brain large in proportion to that of other fishes—and so large as to prove them high in the scale of organization? The answer to this question cannot, in the nature of the case, be direct, and such as to leave no room to cavil; but it is such as will satisfy every reasonable inquirer. We have, in the former department of our argument, remarked that there are, in the present seas, fishes, if not identical with, at least analogous to, the placoids of the Silurian systems. Now, if the modern representatives of these most ancient of fishes are furnished with largely-developed brains, the conclusion cannot well be avoided that their prototypes had the

same substance proportionably developed. Miller assures us that, of all the common fish in the Scottish seas, the brains of which he has examined, the spotted dog-fish bears the largest brain in proportion to its size. The grey dog-fish and the rays follow after; but these all precede the body of osseous fishes. We cannot withhold the following paragraph, which blends argument with powerful description in a most interesting manner:—

‘I have compared the brain of the spotted dog-fish with that of a young alligator, and have found that in scarce any perceptible degree was it inferior in point of bulk, and very slightly indeed in point of organization, to the brain of the reptile. And the instincts of this placoid family—one of the truest existing representatives of the placoids of the Silurian system to which we can appeal—correspond, we invariably find, with their superior cerebral development. I have seen the common dog-fish (*spinax acanthias*) hovering in packs in the Moray Frith, some one or two fathoms away from the side of the herring-boat, from which, when the fishermen were engaged in hauling their nets, I have watched them, and have admired the caution which, with all their ferocity of disposition, they rarely fail to manifest; how they kept aloof from the net, even more warily than the cetacea themselves—though both dog-fish and cetacea were occasionally entangled; and how, when a few herrings were shaken loose from the meshes, they at once darted upon them, exhibiting for a moment, through the green depths, the pale gleam of their abdomens, as they turned upon their sides to seize the desired morsel—a motion rendered necessary by the position of the mouth in this family; and how next, their object accomplished, they fell back into their old position, and waited on as before. And I have been assured by intelligent fishermen, that at the deep-sea white-fishing, in which baited hooks, not nets, are employed, the degree of shrewd caution exercised by these creatures seems more extraordinary still. The hatred which the fisher bears to them arises not more from the actual amount of mischief which they do him, than from the circumstance that, in most cases, they persist in doing it with complete impunity to themselves. “I have seen,” said an observant Cromarty fisherman to the writer of these chapters, “a pack of dog-fish watching beside our boat, as we were hauling our lines, and severing the hooked fish, as they passed them, at a bite, just a little above the vent, so that they themselves escaped the swallowed hook; and I have frequently lost, in this way, no inconsiderable portion of a fishing. I have observed, however,” he continued, “that when a fresh pack of hungry dog-fish came up, and joined the pack that had been robbing us so coolly, and at their leisure, a sudden rashness would seize the whole—the united packs would become a mere heedless mob, and, rushing forward, they would swallow our fish entire, and be caught themselves by the score and the hundred.”’—Pp. 140, 141.

Notwithstanding the brevity we have been compelled to observe,

in stating the arguments in favour of the old truth, and in opposition to the development hypothesis, they will, we hope, be deemed satisfactory. This hypothesis demands that the earliest fossil fishes should be small in size. Every discovery of late years demonstrates, that some, at least, of the fishes which first appeared in the seas of this globe were, for their class, large—giants, indeed, and not dwarfs. And though it could be proved, that fishes generally, during the Silurian period, were diminutive, the fact that some families among them were not so is fatal to the argument. This hypothesis demands, that the fishes of this early period—the very dawn of animal existence—should be low in their organization. Its assertors and defenders have been wont to argue, that the fishes of the early geological periods were so—that their vertebræ, skull, mouth, and brain, indicated inferior development. The science has, in the hands of this class of philosophers, been made to bear false witness. Among the earliest fossil fishes, the remains of creatures high in the scale of organization are found. Their vertebræ were of a high type—more nearly resembling those of the reptilian class of vertebrata, than those of the osseous fishes. The tail of the placoids bears a strong resemblance to the reptilian tail; their mouth and skull present no true indications of inferiority; their brain is the most largely developed of all the ichthyic families—it is scarcely inferior, either in size or organization, to the brain of some reptiles.

Feeling the force of these arguments, built upon the recent discoveries in geology, some of the advocates of the development hypothesis have changed their ground. They affirm that, if we knew all that geology can, and will yet, disclose, the evidence in support of their hypothesis would be found to be complete and irresistible. This is begging the question. They appealed to geology as it *is*, challenged us to meet them in this field, and forewarned us that they would 'fix us down to the consideration of facts.' We have accepted the challenge; we have met them in the field; we have considered the 'facts;' when lo! our bold challengers appeal from geology as it *is*, to geology as it *will be*! It is not for us to say what geology may or may not disclose in coming ages—the discoveries of the last few years teach us very forcibly to maintain, on this point, a modest silence—but, we may venture to affirm that, if her discoveries in coming time be similar to those of the recent past, we fear that our philosophers will be under the necessity of appealing from 'fact' to imagination, in support of their hypothesis. It originated there; it sought a foundation in external nature; and finding none, it is befitting that it should return whence it came.

The development hypothesis claims to be supported by the

fossil *flora*, as well as the fossil *fauna*. Though Mr. Miller does not dwell so long, or so elaborately, upon this division of the general subject as upon the other, yet enough is advanced to show, that the evidence furnished by the *flora* is not more favourable to its claims than that drawn from the *fauna*. All that we can do in this department is, to announce that our author has discovered specimens of a *cone-bearing* tree in the Lower Old Red Sandstone—a formation in which nothing should have existed, according to the development hypothesis, but the earliest and meanest specimens of vegetable life. The following eloquent extract embodies the argument which the ancient *flora* furnishes against the Lamarckian hypothesis:—

‘Viewed simply in its picturesque aspect, this *olive leaf* of the Old Red seems not at all void of poetry. We sail upwards into the high geological zones, passing from ancient to still more ancient scenes of being; and, as we voyage along, find ever in the surrounding prospect, as in the existing scene from which we set out, a graceful intermixture of land and water, continent, river, and sea. We first coast along the land of the Tertiary, inhabited by the strange quadrupeds of Cuvier, and waving with the reeds and palms of the Paris Basin; the land of the Wealden, with its gigantic iguanodon rustling amid its treeferns and its cycadeæ, comes next; then comes the green land of the Oolite, with its little pouched, insectivorous quadruped, its flying reptiles, its vast jungles of the Brora equisetum, and its forest of the Helmsdale pine; and then, dimly as through a haze, we mark, as we speed on, the thinly scattered islands of the New Red Sandstone, and pick up in our course a large floating leaf, veined like that of a cabbage, which not a little puzzles the botanists of the expedition. And now we near the vast carboniferous continent, and see along the undulating line, between us and the sky, the strange forms of a vegetation, compared with which that of any previously seen land seems stunted and poor. We speed day after day along endless forests, in which gigantic club-mosses wave in air a hundred feet over head, and skirt interminable marshes, in which thickets of reeds over-top the mast-head. And, where mighty rivers come rolling to the sea, we mark, through the long retiring vistas which they open into the interior, the higher grounds of the country covered with coniferous trees, and see doddered trunks of vast size, like those of Granton and Craigleith,* reclining under the banks in deep muddy reaches, with their decaying tops turned adown the current. At length the furthestmost promontory of this long range of coast comes full in view: we near it,—we have come up abreast of it; we see the shells of the mountain limestone glittering white along its further shore, and the green depths under our keel lightened by the flush of innumerable corals; and then, bidding farewell to the land for ever—for so the geologists of but five years ago would have advised—we launch into the unmeasured ocean of the

* Quarries in the immediate neighbourhood of Edinburgh in which fossil trees are found.

Old Red, with its three consecutive zones of animal life. Not a single patch of land more do those geologic charts exhibit which we still regard as new. The zones of the Silurian and Cambrian succeed the zones of the Old Red; and darkly fringed by an obscure bank of cloud ranged along the last zone in the series, a night that never dissipates settles down upon the deep. Our voyage, like that of the old fabulous navigators of five centuries ago, terminates on the sea in a thick darkness, beyond which there lies no shore, and there dawns no light. And it is in the middle of this vast ocean, just where the last zone of the Old Red leans against the first zone of the Silurian, that we have succeeded in discovering a solitary island unseen before,—a shrub-bearing land, much enveloped in fog, but with hills that at least look green in the distance. There are patches of floating sea-weed, much comminuted by the surf all around it; and on one projecting headland we see clear through our glasses a cone-bearing tree. This certainly is not the sort of arrangement demanded by the exigencies of the development hypothesis. A true wood at the base of the Old Red sandstone, or a true placoid in the limestones of Bala, very considerably beneath the base of the Silurian system, are untoward misplacements for the purposes of the Lamarckian.'—Pp. 201—203.

But, though no man thoroughly versed in natural science, in its present highly advanced state, would, as it appears to us, hold by the hypothesis of Lamarck, Professor Oken, and the author of the 'Vestiges;' still, such an one would see in nature the evidences of a magnificent theory of developments—developments according to strict law, and yet each one originating in miracle; that is, in a distinct and positive act of creation. The admission of law does not of necessity oppose miracle; for may not that which is to us miracle, be only the manifestation and result of a law, higher and more complicated in its workings, than those with which we are partially acquainted? Moreover, is it unphilosophical to conceive of God, the Author and the Source of all law, at a given point in the history of the world, introducing a new element—placing a new and higher organized creature upon it, without interrupting or superseding any general law? The new creature must, of course, be under law, like any other creature; but, either it is quietly placed under some existing law, or it is placed under a new law, which springs into existence with the creature whom it is appointed to guide and control. The admission of the *first* act of creation—and few, indeed, will deny it—opens a way to a second, which philosophy will not seek to close; and if a second, why not many acts of creation proper, in the innumerable ages through which this earth has passed? In truth, nature shuts us up to the idea of creation, in connexion with every separate class of creatures that have appeared upon the globe. Class has obviously followed class upwards towards the top of the scale of organized being;

but, in no instance, is it even suggested that one class was developed out of another and lower class. The one followed the other, but it was by Divine appointment; and the second, no less than the first, was created.

The true theory of development may be thus stated:—In the earliest geological period in which creatures existed, the characteristic types of life belonged to the invertebrata. The next period was characterised by the vertebrate fishes, a higher type of life. This was followed by the reptilian period. After this, birds were introduced upon the stage; then the larger quadrupeds, and then man. There is thus a true and beautiful development in nature—a development which has its base in the invertebrata, and its apex in man—the creature highest in the scale of vertebrata, and above all, enobled with reason. Between the mollusc and the fish there are certain analogies; and so between the other classes of living creatures. The connexion is such as to demonstrate that the most perfect order reigns in the whole system, and that the whole has sprung from one Mind. But, the difference between the mollusc and the fish, between the fish and the reptile, between the reptile and the bird, between the bird and the quadruped, between the quadruped and man, is so marked, and so great, that it requires the liveliest imagination to institute a generative connexion between them.

Geology furnishes proof of no such connexion. There is not the slightest evidence that fishes were developed from the highest families of the invertebrata, or that reptiles sprung from fishes, or that birds sprung from reptiles, or that quadrupeds sprung from birds, or that man sprung from quadrupeds. The most rigid investigation has resulted only in showing that these classes *follow each other* in the grand scheme; but they follow each other as distinct and increasingly important *creations*. The first fishes were as certainly *created*, as were the first-born of the invertebrata. The creating power of the Almighty was again put forth when reptiles were introduced—again when birds were introduced—again when quadrupeds were introduced—and still again when Man was introduced. We repeat, that nature shuts us up to CREATION;—creation not opposed to, but in harmony with, LAW.

This article indicates clearly enough, perhaps, what is the general opinion we entertain of Mr. Miller's work. But, as we wish to be faithful with a friend, no less than with an enemy, and as we have some few things against the work, we must devote a paragraph, at least, to criticism. It appears to us that the opinion which the author expresses at page 214, relative to the 'beginnings' of life, is premature. Though not careful about adopting all the conclusions that may be drawn from Sir Charles Lyell's

opinion, yet it appears to us the safest of the two. Geologists ought to have a salutary impression upon their minds, from the numerous opinions and theories that have been proved to be hasty and erroneous by advancing discoveries. The argument in favour of the opinion, that we have now arrived at the point, or near to it, when animal life was introduced upon the earth, we admit is strong ; and the illustration of the pyramid is most beautiful. But we cannot say that we feel entirely satisfied. In one or two parts of the volume, but especially in the able and eloquent section with which it closes, there are sentiments expressed relative to the import of the narrative of the creation, in the first chapter of Genesis, with which we do not agree. We are perfectly at one with Mr. Miller, in believing that 'the beginning when God created the heaven and the earth,' must be placed unnumbered ages previously to the date of Adam's creation. But we demur to his interpretation of the 'days.' They are, according to him, six epochs, measured by ages, rather than days, measured by hours. We are aware that many names, high in the scientific world, might be ranged on his side ; notwithstanding the authority by which he is backed, we venture to affirm that the theory will scarcely stand a close scrutiny. It is true that the term 'day' is descriptive of any period of time ; but in this instance it is limited and defined by the 'evening and the morning.' This view cannot be reconciled with the ordinary idea of the seventh day—the Sabbath of the Lord. The ingenious argument relative to the seventh day being also a period—the period during which man's redemption is being effected—is not to our minds satisfactory. It appears to us to take away the reason, at least as it ever will be understood by people generally, why we should keep the Christian Sabbath. We are, indeed, very far from even hinting that our author admits this conclusion, or thinks that his theory leads to it ; but still it seems to us a necessary consequence. This view of the 'days' is taken, no doubt, on scientific grounds ; but some eminent geologists are of opinion, that their science does not necessitate the adoption of this theory.*

Of the work as a whole, we cannot speak too strongly. The respected author has, by his long-continued and successful researches in the older formations of his own country, made the field his own. From one's acquaintance with his former work, 'The Old Red Sandstone, or New Walks in an Old Field,' the announcement of a new work on the same geological formations gave rise both to hopes and fears. It was feared, that after such an ample, accurate, and gorgeous description of the ancient rocks and their enclosed

* Dr. J. Pye Smith's Scripture and Geology.

organisms, as the former work contains, the new one must possess less interest, and fall into the shade. It was hoped that a work of such promise, as well as of such performance, as the 'Old Red Sandstone,' would be followed by something equally important, and treated in an equally interesting manner. Our fears have been dissipated—our hopes more than realized. True, the author does not revel in gorgeous description in this instance, as he does in the former. The object he has in view is different; and this necessitates a change of style, and arrangement, and treatment. In the former work he is the expounder of facts; in the present, he is the defender of great principles. This is the sequel to that; the former is not complete without the latter. Together, they constitute an argument in favour of truth, which all the ingenuity of the Lamarckians will be unable to meet.

ART. IV.—*Twelve Lectures delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association, in Exeter Hall, from November 1849, to February 1850.* London: James Nisbet and Co.

IN noticing the fourth course of lectures delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association, we indulged a moralizing mood, giving expression to some of the most striking thoughts likely to be suggested by such a volume to—as, in all modesty, we must beg permission to say—an intelligent and a liberal Christian mind. Scene, audience, subjects, lecturers, style, all became, in order or disorder, the topics of free general remarks. We did not enable our readers to form a very correct judgment of the book then before us, nor, indeed, any judgment at all. It was not our design, nor, as far as limits were concerned, was it within our ability. And we are not sure that it would have been the best thing to be done. A book, like every thing else, may be more than it is in itself. Like the bedizened lady in an ancient writer, though for a different reason, it may be the least part of itself. The value of its contents may not equal its value as an indication and type of things. What it admits to as a door, may be very inferior to what it reveals as a window. This appeared to be the case with the volume referred to. Our opinion was high of its independent merits—some of its portions were of first class excellence—but the fact *that it was*, seemed to us more im-

portant than *what it was*. A volume of lectures by such men, addressed to such a congregation, in such circumstances, and on such subjects, was, apart altogether from its matter and its manner of dealing with it, a most eloquent representation of most glorious truths; and no lecture in the book, nor all the lectures together, equalled in our view, the lecture read by the simple circumstance of there being such lectures at all. Our comments were very inferior to our text, but we commend that text again to the thoughtful heed of all wise and righteous minds.

In truth, it is not easy to review such a volume as that before us in the general way of reviewing books. Criticisms must be particular and discriminating, to be of any worth; and, if particular and discriminating, they cannot fail to be offensive. 'Comparisons are odious;' and a true description of the labours of a dozen fellow-workers must have the odious effect of comparisons. Wholesale praise, or wholesale censure, can scarcely fail to be unjust; and if the praise or censure be not wholesale, the absence of specification is liable to be felt—and naturally and properly felt—as a grievance; while specification bears, as we know to our cost, a most uncomely appearance, if it do not suggest something worse. We are, therefore, in a 'strait' what to do; and fear that, in our difficulty, we may not do anything very well.

These lectures were delivered at Exeter Hall, and constitute one of the redeeming features of that notorious place. To use the hackneyed word, Exeter Hall is 'a great fact.' It is a sign of the times. It may suit the purposes, and gratify the feelings, of various classes to speak of it contemptuously. Politicians may ascribe to it asinine qualities, philosophers may sneer at its narrow-mindedness and bigotry. We are not concerned to prove that there is never any 'braying' there, nor that uncharitableness and fury never find vent within its walls. Exeter Hall has a position in the world, and a meaning in history, which those who most dwell upon such things are not apt to appreciate. It is an indication of the chief characteristics of the age—its publicity, its outspokenness, its commonness, its largeness of spirit, fearlessness of controversy, respect for men. Leaving out altogether particular movements to which it has been greatly devoted, and also particular movements to which it has been denied—admitting that it has been the scene of many foolish and some evil exhibitions, and that its managers are not men with souls to understand the full significance of, and fairly to use, the enormous power with which it invests them—it is to us a symbol of some of the most healthful as well as most active dispositions and tendencies of the times. What could our forefathers have done with it? Its relation to the Church is especially interesting.

More than once it has received worshipping assemblies excluded for the time from their accustomed sanctuaries, and this use of it is suggestive of a general function which it fulfils in reference to Christian communities. The religious temper of the day finds refuge there full often when shut out of its own proper and peculiar places of abode. Ecclesiastical organizations cannot hold the full Christian English mind. It has wants and desires, ideas and impulses, that churches, as such, and in their present state, are unable to gratify and embody. Exeter Hall is larger than they, not only physically, but spiritually. The volume before us is a sign and proof of it. In what church could such an audience as listened to these lectures be collected? In what church could such lecturers be brought together? In what church could such lectures be delivered? And if Exeter Hall thus recognises what churches must, to a great extent, ignore, it is equally certain that it must tend largely to improve the churches themselves. It must tend to liberalize, and enlarge, and unite them. By tacitly rebuking much that is evil in them, and by giving indulgence, and thus strength, to much that is good in them, it cannot but be that they will receive from it a powerful influence in favour of wisdom, love, and generous catholic activity. To borrow an illustration from one of Christ's parables, the 'spirit' that is excluded from Christian organizations, and seeks utterance and sphere in this 'large and wealthy place,' returns to its home with 'seven other spirits,' and *better* spirits too. 'In the labour of love,' to quote the language of the preface, 'of which these lectures are the fruit, may be seen an illustration also of the fact that the interests of the various portions of the Church are but one.' Yes, verily; and an illustration also of the fact that their hearts likewise are one, much more extensively than at first sight appears. There is a strong desire among Christians to *meet*; and if they cannot meet in the churches, they will meet outside the churches. But they cannot so meet without helping on the better, close, fellowship of the saints of God.

In our former notice we remarked very generally on some of the imperfections which belong to the system of lecturing as at present practised, and to some of the imperfections which belong to the series of lectures delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association. Lecturing cannot do what some imagine to be within its power. We have no expectation of its displacing preaching in the economy of spiritual education. But too frequently it is only a bad kind of preaching; and its necessary conditions unfit it, as different from preaching, for a regular office in the instruction of the people. The very means obliged to be adopted in order to its success, are incompatible with large results in this connexion.

We are glad, therefore, to find in the preface of the present volume, the following words:—‘As in previous instances, miscellaneous topics have been preferred for this course, from a strong conviction that, as a whole, they are far more adapted to secure the end sought than a consecutive series would be. Such is the degree of care and intensity of mind that are now exercised in commercial pursuits, that it only appears consulting an urgent necessity in trying to win the ears of young men unaccustomed to the ordinary means of spiritual instruction, by varying the aspect under which the vital principles of personal and social religion are exhibited.’ To this statement there can be no objection. Let it be distinctly understood, that the object is ‘to win the ears’ of young men, ignorant of or uninterested in, spiritual truth, and we are satisfied, and more than satisfied. Our fear is, that it is not sufficiently understood; that pains are not taken to impress the fact upon those whose welfare is chiefly consulted; that lectures do not lead, as they might lead, to vigorous efforts to obtain knowledge by other means; and that they promote a habit of loose and conceited thought. The circumstances and demands of the day, which are pleaded on behalf of miscellaneous and attractive subjects, render it necessary to guard against the dangers of which we speak. If the pressure of business is such, that ‘to win the ears’ of young men, novelty and variety must be employed, it is the more needful that they be warned not to substitute the general, and often superficial, teachings of the hour, for those more laborious and painful methods of instruction and impression, by which alone knowledge and virtue, worthy of the names, can be secured. With all our boasts of enlightenment, never was there greater peril of mental shallowness; and with all our protests against cant, never was there a greater prevalence of cants—fine words and expressions, repeated without appreciation or even knowledge of their ideas. The very activity of the age is unfavourable to profundity and power. To this we must submit, as best we may. But if men will be superficial, at any rate let them know that they are superficial; and if the means used for gaining their attention must be pleasing and vivacious, let there be no mistake as to those means being adapted to a very imperfect and unsatisfactory mental condition.

The lectures at the head of this paper afford an interesting illustration of the variety of faculties provided by God for the edification and conversion of men. Among the lecturers are men of nearly all kinds of excellence, as teachers and speakers—all kinds, at least, but two or three. It would be difficult to select twelve men of note, and suitable to the purpose, more distinctly marked by their several qualities; and yet these

qualities are not possessed by them in odd excess or fantastic form. Good men, and respectable in mind and heart, they yet, with scarcely an exception, constitute clear types of different classes of mental and moral attributes and powers. The fluent declaimer, the calm and careful chronicler, the solid reasoner, the graceful painter, the rhetorician, the earnest moral teacher, the wise and pithy counsellor of life—these, and others, supply their several contributions to this winter course. The Association calls to its aid the diversified endowments of the Christian ministry—seeks to be benefited by the varied gifts of ‘the seven spirits which are before the throne’—acts upon the principle which the Corinthian Church ignored, and which it had been wisdom in it to acknowledge, that the distinctive excellences of mind and utterance in the servants of the Lord, are the common property of those who will profit by them to everlasting life. And we have thought, while meditating on this fact, could not the great truth that ‘all things are ours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas,’ be more practically and extensively recognised by the people of God? Is the general practice of Christian churches in harmony with the generous provision made by their Head, for the manifold representation of the life-giving truth, and the development of the different powers and susceptibilities of religious men? Might not more be done than is done, and than is sought to be done, to honour the fulness and variety of the gospel, and educate the whole nature of those to whom it comes? We are no advocates of rash and wholesale changes—we have no pet scheme to propose;—yet it strikes us that religious bodies might receive a lesson of wisdom, in the matter of which we speak, from the Exeter Hall lectures, by making a more generous use of those manifestations of the Spirit, which are given to ‘profit withal.’ We do not see that, even without organic change of any kind in Christian communities, the glorious gifts of the Lord of truth and life might not be more extensively employed in training souls for the perception and enjoyment of that Divine system, which, while it meets the common wants, no less meets the individual peculiarities of humanity. Wise and honest co-pastorships—not managed in the absurd fashion which too often obtains among Congregationalists, the very old and very young being yoked together, and yoked together in a manner to secure nothing but failure—the abolition of the wretched system of endless subdivision of churches, with an entire complement of ecclesiastical offices and officers; and the substitution in its stead, of the original plan of *central churches with branch associations*—and a *more liberal and regular custom of ministerial interchanges*—these things only, without more serious alterations,

would do much to obviate the grave evils of which we complain, as arising from the partial and *uniform* exhibitions of the gospel—to which so many are in the habit of attending as their chief means of religious instruction.

Young men constituted the greater part of the audience to which these lectures were addressed, and for them they were especially designed. They thus form one of the many indications of a peculiar and most interesting disposition and habit of our own day. It is impossible to doubt that young men are the objects of an attentive and practical care which have not been customarily displayed. They are made a prime consideration in organizations too numerous to be specified, and their welfare is prominently and formally sought by others not entirely devoted to their good. In this there is reason, abundant reason, to rejoice. Their position, powers, and perils, all make them worthy of the gravest and most gracious heed. We profess the interest of intelligent principle in every wise and healthy movement on their behalf; and are not old enough to have no remnants of a personal sympathy with their feelings, aspirations, difficulties, and trials. Prosperity to all that help their righteous cause! May they be multiplied a thousand-fold, and may the good Lord give them the abundance of power and peace! We shall not be suspected of half-heartedness in our zeal for young men, when we express a fear that there is somewhat of *fashion* in the present activity of concern for their improvement. We are a people singularly given—for so wise a people—to fashions; fashions in dress being but one mode of exhibiting the national taste and temper. Every age, and several times in every age, the public attention is turned to some new object; its sympathies are engaged for it, its energies are wrought in its pursuit to a state of vehement excitement. But the zeal, after a while, is cooled; and the idol of the hour gives place to another, which receives the same ardent homage and the same generous offerings. We should like to believe that the enthusiasm now expressed and felt for young men did not belong to the class of things that confirms our remarks. But we cannot help detecting, or thinking that we detect, certain signs of fashion in it. Rapid growth, excess, disproportionate importance, and modes of operation that show rather a desire and necessity to go with the tide, than the vitality of sound conviction and healthy disposition, are to us indications of what we would gladly disbelieve. We would, therefore, press upon those to whom God has given great and just influence, the importance of doing the *best*, rather than the *most*, with the existing feeling, of teaching it and training it, of endeavouring to keep it in its proper place, of supplying it with solid nourishment.

Let them eschew all claptrap; all fulsome laudation of young men, as if they were what they are not, and, as young men, cannot be; all evil and doubtful means of gaining their attention and enlisting their sympathies. Let them 'seek their good to edification,' rather than their applause and adhesion; let them employ plans adapted to permanent fruitfulness, rather than immediate success; let them be honest and faithful admonishers, not adulators; let them plead their cause by the aid of just and comprehensive principles, and not appeals to mere sentiment; and let them take care not to encourage a *comparatively* extravagant regard for those whose proper claims are sufficiently important without being exaggerated. Young men are of great account—but are *young women* nothing? Have we forgotten, or do we disbelieve, the greatness of their influence? Have those who are to be wives, mothers, and mistresses, no title to peculiar efforts to fit them for their social position, to say nothing of their spiritual destiny? While every subject and movement is put into a form, and worked in a manner, to engage the attention and energies of young men, is it well to neglect, so far as special efforts are concerned, the class, equally large, and, in some respects, equally interesting, of young women? But, perhaps, in the mutations of fashion, their turn may come next.

We did not mean, when we began to write, to fill our space with general reflections; and we must now hasten to give some account of the contents of the volume which lies before us. The lectures are twelve, by twelve lecturers. Mr. Stowell, of Manchester, discourses on 'The Bible Self-evidential,' 'with very slight help from notes,' which we think no compliment either to his audience or his subject. There is much truth and warmth in his address. With the broad and prominent features of his theme he deals well, but its nicer lineaments he is not artist enough to present. There are expositions, distinctions, and qualifications required by it, which he is not the man to make. Persons whose faith is fixed, and who are not in the habit of severe thought, may be pleased and profited by his illustrations of a very important and glorious truth; but we apprehend that many of his hearers would feel a want which they were incompetent to supply. Dr. Alexander, of Edinburgh, describes and traces 'The Influences of Romanism on the Intellectual and Moral Condition of the People subject to its sway'—which is, of course, shown to be bad. We might object to his lecture that it gives only one view of the case, and that one view alone must have the effect of misrepresentation. That the influence of Romanism is evil in great measure, we sorrowfully admit; but no system *only evil* could have been, and still be, what Romanism is. It may be pleaded that the limits of a lecture left the speaker no choice

of treatment. We allow and regret the necessity. Still, if the treatment must be partial, the subject should be so too. The title mentions 'the influence of Romanism'—the lecture exhibits only the *evil* influence of Romanism. Of the general facts and principles adduced, Protestant readers will have but one opinion. Would that a wider and deeper attention to them were obtained! Alas, that in an age which boasts of its intellectual and moral strength and freedom, a system should gain, and grow in, favour which weakens and corrupts, in so great a degree, both mind and heart! With the exception stated, this lecture is a calm and comprehensive discussion of an increasingly interesting subject. Dr. Hamilton, of Regent-square, exhibits 'The Literary Attractions of the Bible,' in his worst and his best styles. There is no attempt at nice criticism—as, indeed, was not possible; but the marked characteristics of the Bible as a book are described as by one who richly appreciates them in an exuberance of words and figures, sometimes very happy, but sometimes approaching to the irreverent, and occasionally bordering upon the trivial. Mr. Mahan, of Oberlin College, America, illustrates many just and noble sentiments on 'The Relation of Christianity to the Freedom of Human Thought and Action.' Mr. Arthur, of Hindestreet Chapel, makes great and graceful use of Dr. Maitland's deeply interesting work, in describing 'The Church in the Catacombs.' Mr. Seymour, of Bath, presents a melancholy, but too truthful, picture of 'The Nature of Romanism, as exhibited in the Missions of the Jesuits and other Orders;' but is open to the objections we have before made on Dr. Alexander's lecture, and propounds some views we deem very hurtful. Dr. M'Neile, of Liverpool, discusses a momentous subject—'The Bible; its Provision and Adaptation for the Moral Necessities of Fallen Man,' in a style of thought and language clear, vigorous, and dignified, without, however, confining himself to the *moral* necessities of man, or going very deeply into the questions involved in his theme. Mr. Brock, of Bloomsbury Chapel, reveals a hearty sympathy with 'The Apostle Paul,' whose history and character he sketches with a most refreshing decision and cordiality. After reading this lecture we do not wonder at the influence he exerts over the souls of men, and congratulate his numerous auditors on the sound judgment, varied information, deep earnestness, and ministerial fidelity, by which his labours are distinguished. We rejoice to hear, what the present lecture would have led us to expect, that a large number of young men are amongst his stated hearers. The fact is creditable to the preacher, and must be largely beneficial to the class concerned. Mr. Martin, of Westminster, 'utters a few true words on the History and Philosophy, on the Use and Abuse, of "Money."' His address is an admirable specimen

of the proper mode of making interesting and instructive, to a popular audience, a somewhat difficult and familiar subject. Much reading and thought are indicated. Contributions are brought from a great variety of sources. Mr. Martin makes excellent use of one chief means of his power, *particularity*. Dr. Cumming, of Crown Court, chooses 'Music in its Relation to Religion,' upon which he says many beautiful and some ridiculous things, as is his wont. The story of 'William Allen' is given by Mr. Sherman, of Surrey Chapel, in his own plain and affectionate manner. Dr. Burgess, of Upper Chelsea, puts his readers into possession of a comprehensive and able sketch of 'The History of French Protestantism: its Present Condition and Prospects.'

Altogether, we have been much pleased with this course of lectures, which bears proof of the conscientious care and varied ability which the several gentlemen engaged have brought to the instruction of the interesting class addressed, and the many thousands who will read their productions.

ART. V.—1. *Reports of Mr. Macgregor on South American Tariffs.* Parliamentary Papers, folio. 1846.

2. *History of North and South American Statistics;* by John Macgregor, Esq. London. Two Vols. 8vo. 1847.

3. *Report of Proceedings at the Institution of Civil Engineers, in June 1847, on Mr. Glynn's Review of Plans for Connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by a Navigable Canal.* London. 8vo. 1849.

4. *Report of Proceedings at the Institution of Civil Engineers, in December 1849, and January 1850, on Colonel Lloyd's Memoir respecting Canal and Ship-passages between the Atlantic and the Pacific by the Isthmus of Panama.* London. 8vo. 1850.

5. *Geological Map of the River Atrato,* by Evan Hopkins, Esq. London. 1850.

A GREAT work—the construction of a ship-passage to the Pacific—is preparing in Central America, under circumstances which shed a brilliant light on the progress of modern society in contrast with by-gone days. Three centuries since, the gold of Mexico and Peru elevated Spain to sudden greatness; but, by promoting

political error and corruption, it also laid the foundations of her rapid fall. Hence her kings became ambitious despots, dreaded at home, and hated abroad ; and her people, whom the middle ages left in possession of the germs of civil freedom, became enslaved members of a gradually depopulated state. Hence her rich conquests, so often reduced from busy and barbaric splendour to solitude, and her most prosperous colonies, which were denied all means of political advancement, have their revenge in witnessing the decay of their reckless and short-sighted masters.

In our time, on the contrary, the gold of California, impoverishing no man, and enriching its collectors, has already attracted a free, and a just* people to a desert ; and begun to spread a spirit of peaceful enterprise over all Spanish America in the place of sloth, immorality, and destructive discords. For the old ruinous monopolies, freetrade promises to scatter blessings far and wide ; and it may be said with truth, that the riches heretofore fraught with evil of every kind and degree, have already set in motion influences throughout the whole Western World, capable of overcoming the greatest difficulties, social and physical. The good sense of the Government of the United States, more than seconded by the energy of its people, and frankly supported by foreign powers, is directing those good influences with extraordinary rapidity and effect. Among them are the urgent want of an easy way across the Isthmus of Panama, and the strong desire of the population of Spanish America to share the advantages of the great Californian event. Much, however, as these things must soon affect ourselves as a commercial people, and much as they ought to concern us as a reflecting people, scarcely a single topic of importance can be found, which is treated with such entire indifference. Whether it is that our sympathies with the semi-barbarous Spanish Americans are sluggish, or that the monied public is tired of Spanish American speculation, the fact of our apathy on this important subject cannot be denied.

Nevertheless, British political traditions, and still more, British *naval* traditions, respecting Spanish America, and especially the *Spanish Main*, or Central America, are not less lively in character than they are ancient in date. Our territorial claims there, now wisely narrowed to very inconsiderable limits on the Mosquito shore, are almost coeval with the Spanish discovery. We never acquiesced in the monopoly of its trade by Spain ; and our old libraries and sea-records are full of curious and authentic narratives of actions, in which our forefathers bore a part in this region. Henry VII. nearly anticipated Ferdinand and Isabella in

* Slavery is prohibited in California by a very large majority of the votes of the people.

the employment of Columbus, who discovered it; and he sent the Cabots westward for India, as of common right. Henry VIII., by treaty with Charles V., stipulated expressly for free trading with the foreign possessions of Spain. Edward VI., in eloquent terms, invited intercourse with the Emperor of Cathay, and the powers of the extreme East, in spite of the exclusive pretensions of Spain and Portugal under the old Papal grant; and Sebastian Cabot, then in advanced age, probably penned the remarkable document. Queen Elizabeth, of course, as a Protestant sovereign, claimed against that Papal grant the privileges of navigation which her Roman Catholic grandfather exercised; and when in her reign the Spaniards at Panama put Oxenham to death, it was on the pretence that he was a *pirate*, because he could not produce the Queen's commission; as afterwards some of the Scottish adventurers in Darien were prosecuted in the Spanish Courts of Admiralty as *pirates*, for the same reason. A commission from the Crown in either case must have been respected. The plea was, however, boldly met by others in this region, urging the Englishman's ancient freedom of the sea without a royal commission.

Thus the land where Drake did his plundering, at once to assert a principle, *the right to visit it*, and to get gold with a strong hand on denial of the right;—where Raleigh cherished glorious dreams;—where the Stuarts left the national honour to be vindicated by Cromwell and Milton;—where the Welsh hero, Morgan, a belted knight in spite of his buccaneering, planned the first independent transatlantic State;—where the Darien Colonists from Scotland were sacrificed to unscrupulous rivals, English as well as foreign;—where Hosier lost all but the fame of a ballad; and Vernon, at a terrible price of disease and death, redeemed our tarnished flag;—where Anson, in ably executing an attack planned against Spanish power, under George II., struck at it the first fatal blow; and Nelson shed his young blood in an expedition which anticipated the designs of Pitt under George III., against that power in America;—where, in later days, Irish heroes helped manfully to raise Spanish America to independence;—and where Canning realized our policy of three centuries standing,—a land so plentifully associated with our history, cannot but have a hold on British hearts. Strong, however, as such traditions are, our present interest, and our present duty, still more powerfully urge us not to neglect this land. Our capital is deeply engaged there, and our science is pledged, by some sacrifices, to assist in completely solving the problem of its ship-passage, and in perfecting its civilization.

Nor is it the least urgent of the claims of Central America on the British people, that, whilst its mixed population, of all

colours, did not call in vain for help at our hands in the general struggle for independence, *its aborigines* have ever looked upon us as their friends, and long received from us important services. We cannot now desert them. Although it is not true that, under Spanish rule, all was wrong in regard to the Indians; very far from it, as could be easily shown; yet the wise statesmanship which prompts a great nation to be concerned for its weaker neighbour, without falling into troublesome interferences, will discover in Spanish America a glorious field for humane intervention.

If its political independence owes much to our statesmen, its history may be read with advantage in English writers, from the romance of the converted Friar Gage, in the time of Charles I., to the memoirs of the buccaneers, and the annals of the unfortunate Scottish colony, newly published by the Bannatyne Club; and to the works of Ward, Thompson, Dunlop, and Macgregor; not to mention the volumes which appeared during the struggle for Mexican and Columbian independence.

At the same time, it must be repeated, that, in reference to the great enterprises of a ship-passage, and a railroad from ocean to ocean, across the isthmus of Central America, British enterprise lags behind, whilst that of our brethren in the United States is labouring hard to take the lead. This fact, so much to our disadvantage, may be easily accounted for; and it by no means indicates incurable decay in the national character. It springs from old errors of administration, which we are at this moment slowly correcting; but which have long overlaid the enterprising spirit of our people. The very same errors destroyed the Portuguese,* the Spanish,† and Dutch‡ authority, beyond sea, irrecoverably; because no popular spirit at home counteracted the corruption which sapped that authority. In England, the popular call for reform has begun to reach even colonial abuses. The complex character of those abuses adds greatly to the difficulty of their reform; but once fairly opened, it must make good progress.

In regard to Central America, whilst we shall never repeat the enormous blunder of the last century, in abandoning our countrymen in Honduras, it is also certain that we shall not

* Camoens marked with indignation the evils of a system under which his *mother-country* had, in India, he says, become 'a step-mother to honest men.'

† The evil genius of Fonseca, which embittered the career of Columbus, prevailed for centuries in the Council of the Indies; and it has been aptly compared to the ruling spirit in our Colonial Office these thirty years.—*Quarterly Review* on 'Prescott.'

‡ The decay of Dutch India has been correctly traced to the rich families in Holland first monopolizing its administration, and then delegating that administration to a secretary.—*Raynal*.

again attempt the conquest, or plunder, of the deadly swamps of Panama. The change leads to the better fields of commercial enterprise and peaceful influence over a mixed population, interested in a policy which should support the weaker, and check the ambitious, stronger races.

The rapid course of the United States southward, is foretold by an able statist, Mr. Macgregor, who maintains, warmly, that the Anglo-Saxons of North America must absorb the whole continent, to Patagonia and Terra del Fuego. But if this is to be effected by *conquests*, not voluntary annexation, enormous indeed will be the evil results. The population of Spanish America consists, very extensively indeed, of pure and mixed Indians, who have not coalesced hitherto with the citizens of the United States; and although a change in the constitution of that republic, in regard to coloured people, is far from impossible, the safe policy for the Southern population, till it takes place, is that which fosters their industry and strengthens their independence.

The marvellous fertility of the soil; the inexhaustible and unexplored riches of the forests and mines; the valuable character of the products; and, above all, the situation of the country, as a short highway between two oceans already in a ferment of new prospects; give peculiar advantages to that industry, which must link the inhabitants of Central America most propitiously to the civilized world; and open a career of social improvement not only to themselves, but also to their kindred tribes far south, whose love of independence is their master passion.

The numbers of the different races are known with considerable accuracy, from the line of Tehuantepec, in Mexico, to the line of the River Atrato, in New Grenada; both of which lines have been speculated upon for ship-passages to the Pacific.

There are above 2,500,000 pure and mixed Indians, 250,000 whites, and as many negroes. The Indians are perfectly independent of the whites in some spots, and they possess everywhere much political power. The negroes are everywhere free, and gradually improving in their social condition. The whites are still, in many places, the richest, and the leading classes. At present these different races enjoy perfect political equality. Slavery is abolished; and the native Indian is sufficiently advanced for the elevation of one of them, Cabrera, to the presidency of a Central American republic. They all feel an interest in the construction of easy means of transit from ocean to ocean; and the greatest support may be expected from all the Spanish-American States, to any well-planned ship-passage. Of this the evidences are various, and of long date. When, in the last

century, Mr. Pitt sanctioned an attempt to establish the independence of the Spanish colonies, by a combination with the United States, *the opening of the navigation to the Pacific was part of the scheme*, and Miranda, with other delegates from Mexico, favoured it. It was a deputy from Mexico in the Spanish Cortes, who, in 1814, originated a decree for the same object of an oceanic communication. In 1825, the Federal Congress of Central America caused a model in relief to be made of the route, and authorized the opening of a canal for the largest vessels, in the state of Nicaragua, the navigation of which was to be free to all.

The zeal of General Bolivar, prompted by Baron Humboldt, effected the survey of the Panama route, by Lloyd and Fulmarc, in 1827. In 1828, the proposals of the King of Holland were readily accepted by the federal government, for the completion of the Nicaragua line; and when the revolution of 1830 interrupted that enterprise, the separate governments of Nicaragua and New Grenada, and others, were equally eager to accept the terms of successive French, British, and American speculators for its revival. Prince Louis Napoleon's plan for the Nicaragua passage, arose out of an application made to him by that state; and whatever differences may now exist respecting the preference of foreign parties, none prevail in regard to the general desire to have the work done by somebody. Two conditions only enjoined are—first, that the independence of the Spanish American States should be respected; and secondly, that the passage shall be free to all.

Little need be said to enforce the wisdom of encouraging this gigantic work. Its advantages have sometimes been exaggerated, as if it would embrace the trade of India, and absorb the main navigation of the Cape of Good Hope, as well as that of Cape Horn. So much is not wanted for its immense success. Enough will be done amply to repay its cost, by bringing all *Western America* within easy reach of the Atlantic. But it will also materially shorten the route to the islands, and the whaling of the Pacific, New Zealand, Eastern Australia; to the Eastern Archipelago and *Japan*, that world to come of deep interest to us at no distant day.

In regard to China and Japan, curious facts give an interest to a direct sea-passage westward in reference to those countries. In his last voyage of 1503, Columbus deluded himself by the belief that Veragua, where he found much gold, was the identical *Aurea* of Solomon, or Cathay. 'The emperor of China,' he said, 'has lately sent for wise men to instruct him in the faith of Christ; and if God conduct me back to Spain, I pledge myself to convey safely this new way to China, whoever is willing to go.'

More important was the proposal of the emperor of Japan at a later period, to send a junk to meet European ships then seeking the famous north-west passage. The cordiality offered to our forefathers, adventurous seamen from Europe, by the most distinguished sea-faring nations of the extreme East, was refused only when the demon of conquest and intrigue, on the part of Europeans, closed all access to the millions of China and Japan. A return to those good feelings may be hastened by events in North-Western America, which have already electrified men's minds from Hudson's Bay to Chili; and called up a response in the furthest East. Nature's stores of gold in California, and the measures of 200,000 newly-congregated people from every clime, to keep order; with the revelation of the remains of a lost civilization; offer a combination of wonders which are fast producing a social revolution even among the wilder races. The great man called for * to civilize Western America, is no longer needed. Great events stand in his stead, with less hazard from personal ambition.

The construction of a ship-passage in Central America to the Pacific, will constitute an event of this bright character; and the President of the United States has proclaimed it to be an event of universal concern, and tending to promote goodwill among men. The British Government has assented to the principle; and the single point remaining to be settled is, which of the several lines contemplated is the best for a ship-passage. Of these the first, called the Tehuantepec, in Mexico, is open to the fatal objection, that it must be carried over a summit of at least 650 feet above the level of the sea, by numerous locks, for which no proper supply of water can be found. Nor do the ports at each end appear to be very good. In other respects, this route is advantageous. The lands for settlement will be profitable, and the climate is healthy. The expense of it is estimated at £4,000,000. The Government of the United States once proposed to buy it; and at present the right of constructing it is in the hands of an enterprising Mexican, Don José de Garay.

The *Nicaragua* line is objectionable, from its probable costliness, and from the dangerous volcanic character of the country it traverses. One of its seaports has great advantages; but both of them must be improved at much expense. Facilities are said to offer as this line becomes more known, and it has unquestionably a healthy climate. The King of the United Netherlands was only prevented by the revolution of 1830 from constructing a ship-passage in this line; and Prince Louis Napoleon once

* See the Memoirs of General Miller's career in Peru and Chili.

appeared likely to carry it out. It is at present in the hands of a private company in New York.

The third line is from Chagres towards Panama, where travellers for California usually pass. A railroad is under construction here by citizens of the United States. For a ship-passage, the necessity of a tunnel is a very great objection ; and both ports are bad. The climate, too, is unhealthy.

A fourth cluster of lines has been less carefully examined than is required by the high authority of their advocate, Baron von Humboldt. Within a few months that eminent person has repeated, with earnest confidence, the advice pressed in many forms during forty years in favour of this passage. Such an appeal from such a man should arrest serious attention :—

‘As,’ says he, ‘the taking possession of a considerable part of the west coast of the new continent by the United States of North America, and the news of the abundance of gold in California, have rendered more urgent than ever the formation of a communication between the Atlantic States, and the regions of the West through the Isthmus of Panama, I feel it my duty to call attention once more to the circumstance that the shortest way to the Pacific is in the eastern part of the Isthmus, leading to the Gulf of San Miguel. Having for more than forty years been engaged with the subject of the means of communication between the two seas, I have constantly urged, in my printed works, and in the memoirs furnished at the request of the free States of Spanish America, that the Isthmus should be examined hypsometrically throughout its entire length, and more especially where, in Darien, and the wild former province of Biruquete, it joins the continent of South America ; and where, between the Atrato and the Bay of Cupica, on the shores of the Pacific, the mountain chain almost entirely disappears.

‘For more than twenty years I have been consulted on the problem of the Isthmus of the Panama by Associations desirous of employing money ; my advice has always been the same ; and I now repeat it in 1849. So long as this part is not examined geographically, by exact, but easily obtained determinations of latitude and longitude, with chronometers, as well as hypsometrically, in the conformation of the surface by barometric measurements of elevation—so long will it be quite premature to pronounce that the Isthmus does not admit of a canal with few rocks, and permitting, at all seasons, the passage of the same sea-going ships between New York and Liverpool on one side, and Chili and California on the other.’—*Aspects of Nature*, vol. ii. p. 319.

The region here referred to, lies between Panama and the River Atrato. It forms a large portion of the state of New Grenada.

The founders of the Darien colony in 1696, had in view the practicability of some communication with the Pacific ; in which design they were anticipated by Sir James Campbell, in the reign of James I., as his descendant the Hon. C. Scarlett states.

Since that time, this part of Central America has, perhaps, been the most neglected. The old accounts of the country have therefore an unexpected value. They are all we possess; they are genuine; and they have distinctness of character. They fully justify the opinion of Baron von Humboldt, formed on strong testimony, borne by intelligent Spaniards who had visited this line of communication. Captain Cochrane, who saw a portion of the line in 1824, was induced, by the testimony of a Spanish officer, to deny the practicability of this route. Mr. Scarlett, however, an *ear-witness* too, but who had better opportunities of information, confirms the judgment of Baron von Humboldt; and recently, an officer of the royal navy, employed in surveying the adjacent shores of the Pacific, went over the break in the Andes, noticed by him, as far as the sources of the river connecting the Atlantic with those shores; and that officer saw it winding through a perfectly flat country. Calculations made upon this combined intelligence, place the cost of a ship passage in this direction very low.

The sovereignty of the country is in the state of New Grenada, subject, however, to the title of the Indian tribes. The sea-ports on both oceans are good; but the climate is exceedingly unhealthy along the River Atrato. The geological map of that river by Mr. Hopkins, is a valuable addition to our sources of information respecting the country. It may be hoped, then, that the excellent opportunity afforded by the Exhibition of Industry of 1851, for making that remarkable country thoroughly known to the world, will not be lost. A model in relief of the rivers and the adjacent country from the gulf of Darien, to Cupica Bay, and to the Bay of San Miguel, would be a valuable illustration of the opinion of Baron von Humboldt. The materials already in the hands of competent artists here, are sufficient for the partial construction of such a model; and those materials may be completed before the opening of the exhibition. It should be accompanied by a collection of specimens of every product of the country, natural and artificial; its gold and precious stones; its sugar, its cocoas, and its grain; its woods, its drugs, and dyes. With a climate varying from that of the pestiferous morass, to that of the fertile, snow-capped mountain, this new highway of the west might be shown in such a model to possess the richest capabilities.

In the judgment of Mr. Macgregor, the obstacles to the construction of a ship-passage in Central America to the Pacific, are not so much those which the engineer has to contend against in the inequalities of the surface, in the volcanic soil, in the tropical floods, or in fevers, as those which spring from political distractions. This judgment was pronounced before the events in

California had occurred. Already the good results of that prodigious change are felt; and the Government of the United States, with our own, has settled a well-conceived plan to encourage the safe construction of a canal, open to all the world, and protected by their joint guarantee against foreign aggression.

The first step towards the accomplishment of the great work being thus taken by judicious diplomacy, it has become, as the President of the United States lately declared to Congress, indispensable that any doubts of the practicability of the selected line be removed by a survey undertaken on public authority. This survey should be the joint work of England and America, and extend to an inquiry into the real character of the route so warmly recommended by Baron von Humboldt. It will be a new honour in Sir Henry Bulwer's brilliant mission to Washington, to contribute to the triumph of science, which wise policy is now auspiciously preparing under the protection of two great enlightened nations.

ART. VI.—*The Fourth Estate; Contributions towards a History of Newspapers, and of the Liberty of the Press.* By F. Knight Hunt. Two Vols. London: Bogue. 1850.

ON the 23rd of May, 1622, the first newspaper was published in London. By the last Indian Mail we received copies of a journal established in Pekin, on the 1st of January, 1850.

During two hundred and twenty-eight years, this engine has unceasingly laboured. It was planted in our metropolis when Cromwell was brewing beer at Huntingdon, and it has spread continually, like the banyan tree, casting out roots on every side, which shoot up, increase, and again multiply, until the whole civilized, and part of the savage world, is shadowed by its influence. From Texas in the West, to China in the utmost East, this process has produced its fruits, and we have, therefore, arrived at a point when it is as interesting as it is useful, to cast a retrospective glance at the progress of this great minister of civilization. With that view we turn to the work of Mr. Knight Hunt, which we find to be replete with the most curious details, woven into a rapid, continuous narrative, from the publication of the first newspaper to the present period. Whether guided by taste, or chance, or the circumstances of his habitual occupation, the author has been felicitous in the choice of a subject. Probably his selection was deliberate, for we discover in the volumes,

indications of that lively interest existing in the writer's mind, which infuses into his production the elements of enthusiasm and truth. Like Leigh Hunt, whom he resembles in some particulars, he is fond of old records, and has stored his book with a multiplicity of anecdotes, curious incidents, and that medley of quaint details, which colour so well pictures of the times to which they refer. It is at the same time, a solid, authentic work, animated by a free and philosophic spirit, written with ability, and arranged with care.

If we draw from it matter for the entertainment and information of our readers, we must assure them, that by consulting the volumes themselves, they will find that our selections have been made only at intervals from a body of most interesting materials,—amusing episodes of history, illustrated by a rich variety of curious anecdotes. Every chapter would furnish the basis of a paper like the present. Such a production places its author in a recognised position among the writers of the day. It cannot fail to attract attention, for, besides its value as a History of Newspapers, it sketches the progress of the great contest which, from the earliest period, has been carried on against them by the oligarchy. The rulers of the country saw at once the formidable nature of this new creation. Even in its infancy, it was terrible—for it promised to disseminate the truth, to teach men justice, and preach among them charity; and to inculcate the love of justice, charity, and truth, is to subvert all absolute governments, all feudalism, all class privileges, and every other form of despotism. Earnest and desperate has been the conflict between power and the press; and Mr. Hunt deserves our thanks, if for this only, that he has traced the course of the struggle from the day when open violence was employed to suppress the liberty of printing, to this time, when the dominant order, having failed to destroy its enemies, bribes some of them into alliance by a thousand different and indefinite devices of corruption.

Nathaniel Butter, in conjunction with several partners, started the first regular newspaper. The first number appeared, as we have said, on the 23rd of April, 1622. The printing press had already been actively at work in England for a century and a half; and numerous flying sheets, of extraordinary intelligence, had been issued from time to time, telling 'how a great flood had devastated the Western counties, or how a witch had been burned, or how Gustavus had fought a great battle;' but a periodical publication, appearing at stated intervals, was a thing unknown until Nathaniel Butter printed the first number of 'The Weekly Newes.' The project encountered the ridicule and the opposition that habitually obstruct all great undertakings; but it is easy to satirize, not so easy to conceive, a grand idea.

The discovery of the New World, of the art of printing, of gun-powder, of the steam-engine, of gas-lighting, and the electric telegraph—all these have been made, in spite of derision from the ignorant or the malicious. When jealousy envies the honour that attends the projection of a great enterprise, its sure resource is in laughter; but some satirists there are, whose unprincipled wit makes a butt of everything, whether noble or mean, lofty or low, merely as food for mirth. Among these was Ben Jonson, who seized on the publication of a newspaper as a remarkable novelty, to be used as a frame upon which to work with the comic powers of his pen. Mr. Hunt introduces several admirable extracts from 'The Staple of News,' in which allusion is made to four places in London, which were the general depôts of floating news in those days, when editors were not enabled to send their representatives to every quarter of the globe, collecting and transmitting intelligence to the office whence it issues daily, condensed and arranged, forming a complete chronicle of passing events. Of these places,—

'The Court, which at this time, and for long afterwards, was a great centre for gossip, ranks first, whilst Old Saint Paul's—the Gothic predecessor of the present building, was the second spot where people of different conditions met to talk over affairs. The citizens paced the aisles of the church to give and receive intelligence, to chat over events, to speculate on the future, and make bargains in their trade. The Exchange stood third, and, doubtless, afforded the city news of how the lord mayor felt affected towards the Court, for lord mayors were not such mere empty formalities as now.* Lastly, we have Westminster Hall, another sheltered spot where men might congregate, to learn not only the law's decision, but the progress of events.'—Vol. i. p. 16.

The revolutionary period that followed was favourable to newspapers. According to our author, it founded the liberty of the press in England; for, previously to it, the printer was under the censorship of king and clergy. The irregular issue of flying sheets was sought by all means to be suppressed; and the first writers that took the field for the dissemination of religious and political truths, were vehemently assailed as the enemies of the state. In these days, when we conceive in one hour what in the next is reproduced on myriads of sheets, and scattered over the country, to be perused by countless readers, it is difficult to form an adequate idea of the system then pursued. A printing-press was then as dangerous a possession

* One of these civic sovereigns had a dispute with James I., because the merchants declined to increase their loans to the king. 'If I were to move the Court to York, your city would be ruined,' hinted the monarch. 'Your Majesty, it is true, might deprive us of your august presence,' replied the Mayor, 'but we shall still have the Thames.'

as an illicit spirit still is now. It was secretly conveyed to and fro, among the houses of rich men; or silently set up, in remote chambers, in the secluded part of a town. A lonely dwelling in the country was frequently the source of numerous books and news-sheets; and the printers were privately supplied with the necessaries of life by faithful emissaries, while they pursued what was called their seditious work. Sir Richard Knightley was among the early sufferers in the cause. He, with Sir — Wickstone, his wife, and Mr. Hales, were cited into the Star Chamber, on the 13th of February, 1558; when they were condemned to severe penalties, but pardoned, on the intercession of a powerful friend. The Attorney-General laid out his charge with great vigour. Sir Richard, he said, was a man of high position in his county, and received into his house one who came with the purpose of preparing a subversive book. The press was conveyed into a remote chamber, and ‘a most seditious and libellous pamphlet’ was printed. The work went on until a rumour went abroad that the house would be searched—since some person had discovered the secret, and would blow it to the four winds. The sturdy advocate of unlicensed printing threatened to let loose his hounds on whomsoever should attempt to break into the sanctuary of his dwelling.

‘Beside, at his recommendation, Walgrave (the printer), was commended to Mr. Hales, and there had entertainment, and there “The Supplication to the Parliament” was printed by Walgrave, and published by Newman, Sir Richard’s man; and another book was printed likewise. . . . And from Mr. Hales’s house, in Coventry, these books, and this press must be conveyed to Sir — Wickstone, where “Martyn Senior,” and “Martin Junior” were both printed. . . . And for Sir — Wickstone, albeit he knew the press was in his house, yet he kept secret, and would never discover it, but came many times, and did visit there at the press; and his wife, by whose procurement and persuasions with her husband, they were first received into the house, did often relieve them with meat and drink, and gave them money in their purse.’—*Ib.* p. 43.

During the contest between the nation and its treacherous king, printed leaves, containing information, or advice, or slander, were circulated through the country—sometimes under the wings of birds, sometimes ‘under the saddle-flaps of unconscious riders.’ Meanwhile, the early projectors of newspapers were working at their arduous and profitless task, opposed by the men in power, as the enemies of despotism in all its forms. The severest persecutions were carried on. Dr. Leighton, for an attack on the Church, in which he described it as ‘anti-Christian and Satanical,’ terming the bishops ‘reverend magpies,’ was condemned to imprisonment for life, to a fine of

ten thousand pounds, to degradations, to mutilation of the nose and ears, and to a brand on the cheek. Besides all this, he was scourged and set in the pillory ; and the Church thus vindicated itself from the charge of being anti-Christian.

From this period until the abolition of the Star Chamber, in February, 1641, a series of ferocious attacks was made upon the freedom of the press. Every device of cruelty was employed to arrest the floods of religious and political truth, that were breaking, as it were, from the earth in all parts of the country. Many were, doubtless, thus deterred from the expression of their feelings ; but some honest, manly spirits, refused to be subdued or terrified. They persisted in asserting the liberty of unlicensed printing ; and neither prisons, nor tortures, nor fines, nor pillories, nor scourgings, could avail to silence them. Gradually their labour produced its result. Public opinion was awakened, the face of affairs grew dark, and the king yielded to fear what he had refused to justice. The odious tribunal was abolished ; and, as if released by a sudden bursting of its chains, the press went rapidly to work, and scattered through the country accounts of passing events, and even reports of Parliamentary debate. The earliest of these contains six small quarto pages, headed with the royal arms and initials. Mr. Knight Hunt proceeds to describe the relics of the old newspaper press, which still exist in that cavernous repository with its Cerberean guard—the British Museum :—

‘ Our national library is rich in printed memorials of this important period of our history. In the basement story (not to call it the cellar), of the British Museum, the visitor who has the good fortune to gain admission to the place, finds our English national collection of political journals. Certainly more than a thousand yards of shelving are there stored with volumes of newspapers. The earliest in date are small, meagre-looking, octavos and quartos, and as the eye ranges in the half-obscure light along the laden shelves, from the corner where these primitive sheets of the time of James I. and Charles I. now stand, the volumes are seen growing in size and number as their dates rise, until the journals of one county, in our time, are found exceeding in bulk and completeness, the whole newspaper literature of the kingdom during an entire century of its earlier existence. These files of old papers excite a strange feeling. Few things are sought with more eagerness, and few things are sooner cast aside as worthless, than a newspaper ; yet still fewer are more interesting than a file of such old prints. Look into them. You see the aspects, and hear (as some one says,) the very hum of a past life. In history we have the experience of a generation told in its results, its events, the individuals are lost in the consideration of their epoch ; but, in an old volume of newspapers, you have the past generation telling their own story ; breathing, as it were, their every-day life into print—confessing to the future the deeds of their

own hour. In these Museum vaults, the papers least imposing in outward aspect, are, perhaps, the most important. Some of those so small, and so poorly printed, that they become contemptible in appearance, when compared with the broad sheets of our day, have, nevertheless, a deep interest from matter they contain. In one we have the death of Hampden told, others describe the executions of men whose names are now so prominent in history, and as we go on in the search, we find one by one, contemporary notices of all the great events of the civil war.'—*Ib.* p. 91.

The quaint records of those days are indeed full of interest. We see in them the colours of public opinion, changing as the hues of the dying dolphin; the hopes and fears of parties, the aspirations of ambition, and the malignity of party spirit. The whole country was inundated by a perennial flood, pouring continually from the press. From 1640, until the day when Monk wrote his name among the vilest traitors that ever disgraced humanity, nearly thirty thousand journals, pamphlets, and papers, issued from the mouth of the mighty engine that now guides the intelligence of Christendom. A pure press, perfectly free, would rank before all other inventions of human genius. In power, in beauty, in magnificence and durability, it would surpass every monument of creative art; but, unhappily, corruption has been diffused throughout its frame, and despotism obstructs its motions, leaving only a portion uncontaminated, and a few parts with the liberty of uncontrolled action. Still, as it is, it is a great instrument, and will ultimately be employed in the right cause. There is, in the British Museum, a vast collection of the productions of that age. Charles I. agreed to pay the collector for his trouble and expense, but his just punishment overtook him too soon; and Charles II., when the widow of the man who had spent his substance on amassing this curious store, applied to him for her reward, ordered her empty-handed from his door. He had no wealth, but to lavish on profligacy; he had neither time nor inclination, but for the pursuit of his Sybarite vices.

One evil was consequent on the profuse production of papers and pamphlets. When writing was an exclusive task, and reading was a luxury, men set great store by the manuscripts that had accumulated through several generations. Some of them were curious and costly, penned elaborately, richly adorned, and preserved with religious care. As soon, however, as printing encouraged authors, and scattered their productions cheaply among the people, the manuscripts were despised, and recklessly destroyed. A rector in Wiltshire, who possessed a valuable collection, was fond of good beer, and, whenever he brewed a barrel of 'special ale, his use was to stop the bung-hole under the clay with a sheet of manuscript.' School-books,

music-books, account-books, copy-books, were all covered with thick parchment-leaves of great antiquity; and the glovers in Malmesbury wrapped up their gloves in paper which a literary antiquarian would prize beyond the jewels of a crown. In the hostile camps, the soldiers scoured their guns with the laborious productions of the monks; and many a learned treatise, old chronicle, and curious record, was shot out as wadding on the field of battle. This universal havoc destroyed thousands of rare manuscripts, which have thus been lost to the world for ever.

We cannot follow Mr. Knight Hunt in his rapid and entertaining sketch of the progress of free printing at this period, or in his account of the savage warfare carried on between the journals of the day. He quotes from articles of the most ferocious character, in which language of the most unmitigated hostility was employed, by gentlemen who had not learned the vocabulary of soft words, which we in the present day employ—attempting, as we do, and often without success, to combine the *fortiter in re* with the *suaviter in modo*.

The writer, signing himself ‘Mercurius Britannicus,’ carried on a contest with ‘Aulicus’ and ‘Aquaticus.’ ‘I tooke my pen; I have discovered the lies, forgeries, insolencies, impieties, prophanations, blasphemies, Popery of the two sheets.’ To this a reply was announced: ‘Mercurius Aquaticus; or, the Water Poet’s Answer to all that hath or *shall be* writ by “Mercurius Britannicus.”’ In this the language was of a similar character; and thus the daily scribes of the period employed their powers—each to vilify the other, with little interest in the promotion of any common cause. But not only were papers occupied with solid news and vituperative articles. The marvellous was gravely blended with the credible; and in the same print which describes the victory of Sir Simeon Heartly over a company of the enemy, we find: ‘The Marine Mercury, or a true relation of the strange appearance of a man-fish, about three miles within the river Thames, having a musket in one hand and a petition in the other; credibly reported by six sailors, who both saw and talked with the monster, whose names here following are inserted.’

Some of our foreign correspondents of the present day are remarkable for anything but their veracity; and, when we observe what is believed by readers in the nineteenth century, we are not surprised at the simple credulity with which, two hundred and eight years ago, the citizens of London received the following intelligence—(“from our own correspondent”):—

‘Leipsic, 30th June.—The Swedes play master everywhere. They have taken Brunne, Zazerdorf, and Ratibone; they have commanded

some thousands towards Bing, and 4,000 horsemen towards the draw-bridge of Vienna. At Zitlin, in the Marquisate of Bradenburgh, was seen at noon-day a black cloud—in it two fighting swords, and out of it rained much blood, and fiery skulls fell out of it to the ground, and so consumed.’—*Ib.* p. 114.

Charles II. carried on a savage war against the press. He whom Judge Hyde called a gracious and good king, countenanced that sanguinary monster in the most ferocious proceedings against the press. Mr. Hunt thus describes a night search in the dwelling of a printer suspected of assisting in the publication of seditious papers:—

‘On an October night, in 1663, the licenser, L’Estrange, having received secret information, set on a search for illegal publications. He had with him a party of assistants, which included four persons, named Dickinson, Mabb, Wickham, and Story. These men were called up after midnight, and made their way, by L’Estrange’s direction, to Cloth Fair. This had been Milton’s hiding-place, when he had “fallen on evil days;” and here now lived another heterodox thinker, a printer, named John Twyn, whose press had been betrayed to the authorities as one whence illegal thoughts were spread. When called on afterwards to give evidence as to what happened, Wickham described how he met this L’Estrange near Twyn’s house; and how they “knocked at least half an hour before they got in;” and how they listened, and “heard some papers tumbling down, and heard a rattling above, before they went up.” The door being opened by its unfortunate owner, Wickham was posted at the back-door, while another stood in front, and the rest of the searchers went over the premises. Efforts had been made to destroy the offending sheets; the type had been broken up, and a portion of the publications had been cast into the next house. Enough, however, was found to support a charge.’—*Ib.* p. 139.

That charge was high treason. In the book printed by Twyn, it was declared that the nation was the fountain of justice as well as of power; and that when magistrates became corrupt, it was lawful for the people to deprive them of office, and punish them for their offences. For pleading this principle, now recognised by the sense of the age, the unhappy victim suffered a punishment too fearful to describe; and others followed him in his misfortune, while L’Estrange, a loyal cavalier, pursued his occupation, as a spy, a policeman, and an inquisitor. By such processes in endless variety and multiplication, the established powers endeavoured to choke the voice of the press; but nevertheless, the engine worked, and day after day, year after year, it grew in influence and strength, while every martyr’s name inspired with new resolution, and still warmer vigour, the numerous champions that firmly maintained the liberty of un-

licensed printing. The process went on for a century. In 1709, eighteen papers were published in London. 'The victories of Marlborough and Rooke, the political contests of Godolphin and Bolinbroke, and the writings of Addison, Pope, Prior, Congreve, Steele, and Swift, created a mental activity in the nation; which could not wait from week to week for its news.' Accordingly, the first morning paper, the 'Daily Courant,' was established, in competition with the sheets of less frequent appearance, such as the 'British Apollo,' the 'Postman,' the 'Evening Post,' and the 'City Intelligencer.'

The press was now taking a loftier position, and casting the fervour of its political discussions to increase the ferment of public feeling. Events were chronicled, and remarked upon at the same time. Following the first daily paper, came a crowd of publications, belonging to a different order; the 'Tatler,' commenced in 1709; the 'Spectator,' in 1711; and the 'Guardian,' in 1713, which rose to high prosperity under the talents of Steele and Addison. In the 'Spectator,' of August 8, 1712, we find a humorous satire on the appetite for foreign intelligence, then prevalent in England, as well as on the trivialities which constantly intrude in the columns of newspapers. Addison proposes to start a journal devoted to home affairs, in which the daily records of town and hamlet shall be kept, with scrupulous exactness. The specimens of news which he puts forward in his prospectus are excessively amusing.

'By my last advices from Knightsbridge, I hear that a horse was clapped into the pound, on the 3rd instant, and that he was not released when the letters came away.

'Letters from Brompton advise that the Widow Blight had received several visits from John Mildew, which affords great matter of speculation in those parts.

'By a fisherman who lately touched at Hammersmith, there is advice from Putney, that a certain person, well known in the place, is like to lose his election for churchwarden; but, this being boat-news, we cannot give entire credit to it.

'They advise from Fulham, that things remained there in the same state they were. They had intelligence, just as the letters came away, of a tub of excellent ale just set abroach at Parson's Green; but this wanted confirmation.'

Now that public attention is alive with respect to the taxes upon knowledge, it may be well to remind the reader, that those imposts were not, when first laid on, considered at all as matters of fiscal import; on the contrary, the government of Queen Anne, in 1712, came to an open resolution in the House of Commons, that some means should be devised for checking the growth of this dangerous power. The purpose was effected in

the most secret and insidious manner. To make it ostensibly a plan for the relief of the Exchequer, a long act relating to soap, paper, parchment, linen, silks, calicoes, lotteries, and other matters, was framed, and to this, some clauses were added, imposing a tax of a halfpenny on all printed publications, under or not exceeding half a sheet, and a penny on those of a whole sheet, with twopence on every advertisement. From that day to this, those taxes have never been repealed; and now, when the question is placed before Parliament for consideration, it replies, that the Exchequer cannot afford to lose the amount of duties, which were confessedly levied with a view to cramp and cripple the intellectual activity of the country. Numerous periodicals were at once ruined by the change. Some immediately ceased appearing; others amalgamated; and the 'Spectator,' after a rise in its price, dropped altogether. In George the First's reign, new obstructions were placed in the way of the press, and by all means it was sought to stifle its ceaseless declamation; but to no purpose. Newspapers increased, and with them news-writers, until, in 1758, when Johnson wrote, the metropolis had papers for every morning, and every evening, while almost every large town in the country had its weekly historian, who circulated among his readers the current events of the period, animadverting, at the same time, on men and their measures. If we believe the bitter satirist, who saw every man's faults but his own, journalist and rogue were in those days synonymous. In Sir Henry Wotton's jocular definition, he says:—'An ambassador is said to be a man of virtue, sent abroad to tell lies for the advantage of his country; a news-writer is a man without virtue, who writes lies at home for his own profit. To these compositions is required neither genius nor knowledge, neither industry nor sprightliness; but contempt of shame, and indifference to truth, are absolutely necessary.'

The great battle which was fought between Parliament and the press, in 1771, ended in the victory of the popular party. Since that period, the deliberations of our Legislature have been open to the scrutiny of the world. Among the papers that were foremost in the great struggle, was the 'Morning Chronicle,' one of the oldest journals now in existence. There was now about to appear in the field another paper, which has taken the lead of all its contemporaries, not only in Great Britain, but in the whole world. By taking the lead, we mean in influence; for in political opinions, it follows slowly in the track of its weekly contemporary of the same name. The first number of the 'Daily Courant,' consisted of a single sheet of paper, a little larger than the old 'Penny Magazine,' and printed only on one side. The whole of its contents would scarcely fill a column of a modern

morning journal. Contrasted with this, the first number of the great paper showed much improvement. It had four pages, and sixteen columns, with sixty-three advertisements; among these, was the announcement of a play, with Mrs. Siddons and Kemble, at Drury-lane; while foreign and home intelligence, poetry, shipping news, and gossip, made up the rest of the contents.

The first number of the 'Times' is dated January, 1788. It was headed 'The Times, or Daily Universal Register,' printed logographically. The price was threepence, and the imprint set forth, that it was printed for J. Walter, at the Logographic-press, Printing-house-square, 'where advertisements, essays, letters, and articles of intelligence, will be taken in.' Several agents were also named, among whom were a confectioner, a watch-maker, and a silk dyer. Altogether, the first number of this newspaper presents us with an extraordinary contrast to that which lies before us now marked No. 20,480. Nor is the change in the spirit of the press of that period less remarkable. What is moderate now, was then extreme. What seems courteous to us, appeared then a malignant libel. Who that peruses the remarks continually made on Nicholas of Russia, can imagine that John Parry, the proprietor of the 'Courier,' was in 1799, fined a hundred pounds, imprisoned for six months, and bound in heavy sureties, for the assertion 'that the Emperor of Russia was a tyrant among his subjects, and ridiculous to the rest of Europe.'

When the Russian despot's character was thus asserted, another tyrant assumed a claim to equal protection. Napoleon Buonaparte enlisted English law on his behalf, and obtained his end. Other petty holders of authority followed; the Government was active in its work; and Mr. Hunt shows that the sum of punishment 'inflicted, at the instigation of the Ministers of England, upon persons charged with having writtten or spoken political libels, between 1808 and 1821, was one hundred and seventy-one years' imprisonment! divided into various terms, among eighty persons; many of whom were also required to give security for their conduct for further terms, whilst others were fined in various sums; only seven, out of one hundred and one, obtaining acquittal.'—Vol. ii. p. 57.

In proportion, however, to the virulent enmity of the ruling-classes to the growth and spread of this self-created influence, has been its increase in power and public favour. Few contrasts presented in the history of social progress are more remarkable than that between the time when the uncouth, ill-arranged, and quaintly-written 'Weekly Newes' appeared timidly, once every seven days, to inform the citizens of London of what great matters were passing in the world, and this day, when myriads

of sheets rustle daily in the hands of innumerable readers—when events that occur at midnight are chronicled in a few minutes, commented on in an hour, within the dingy walls of an editor's room, and before dawn are scattered far and wide, for the information of the whole country. In the year 1848 there were issued in Great Britain 81,802,788 penny stamps for newspapers, besides 8,925,792 halfpenny stamps. Within the last ten years the amount has risen by nearly nineteen millions; while the number of advertisements inserted in London, in that we have alluded to was 863,888 in 150 papers. A laborious calculator has estimated, that the daily press in 1849 issued a printed surface of paper to the extent of 349,308,000 square feet. Adding to this, the weekly, fortnightly, and provincial press, the calculation reaches 1,446,150,000 square feet of paper; to supply the whole of which the pen must have traced millions of characters—whilst, perhaps, the most active, if not the most exalted, or the most scrupulous, intelligence in the country has been employed, to furnish the literary matter necessarily infused into this vast mass of printed stuff.

‘A summary of the British newspaper press,’ says our author, arranged according to locality and to political bias, at the end of the year 1849, offers the following results:—In London, 113 papers; in England, 223; in Wales, 11; in Scotland, 85; in Ireland, 101; in the British islands, 14. General summary: Liberal papers, 218; Conservative, 174; Neutral, 155. The total number of journals, of all shades of opinions, being 547.’

We have little respect for a neutral paper, any more than for a neutral individual. Next to religion, politics form the greatest of all questions. No man has a right to neglect them—no good citizen of a free state can despise the study of them; for in their proper comprehension is comprised a knowledge of all that is beneficial to the worldly condition of mankind—of all that concerns the welfare of states, of nations, and the individuals of which nations are an aggregate. We repeat, therefore, we have no respect for those who are wholly indifferent to politics; but, in saying this, would by no means assert that all should alike mingle in their discussions, or take an active share in the struggles between political parties. What we desire is, that every man should feel a warm and generous, a sincere and anxious, solicitude for the welfare of his fellow-men. Inspired by that feeling, he is interested in politics—the greatest and most exalted of all human sciences.

A glance at the London press now in existence, may not be uninteresting, and for this Mr. Hunt's work affords the ready materials. The ‘Morning Chronicle’ takes precedence in point

of age, with the exception of the 'Public Ledger,' which started in 1760, and is still kept up, with a small circulation, by means of 'an ancient advertising connexion.' Of Mr. Perry, who was one of the earliest contributors to this paper, an interesting anecdote is related similar to one told of Louis Blanc. When unemployed, Perry was in the habit of writing verses and essays, which he dropped into the editor's box of the 'General Advertiser.' They were always inserted. And the author, for want of better occupation, continued the practice, though constantly seeking employment:—

'Calling one day at the shop of Messrs. Richardson and Urquhart, booksellers, to whom he had letters of recommendation, he found the latter busily engaged, and apparently enjoying an article in the "General Advertiser." After Mr. Urquhart had finished the perusal, Perry put the usual question to him, whether he had heard of any situation that would suit him? to which he replied in the negative; at the same time holding out the paper, he said: "If you could write articles such as this, I could give you immediate employment." It happened to be a humorous essay written by Perry himself. This he instantly intimated to Mr. Urquhart, and gave him another letter in the same handwriting, which he proposed to drop into the letter-box. Mr. Urquhart expressed great satisfaction at the discovery, and informed him that he was one of the principal proprietors of the paper; that they wanted just such a person; and, as there was to be a meeting of proprietors that same evening, he would propose Perry as a writer. He did so; and the next day he was engaged, at a salary of a guinea a week, and an additional half-guinea for assistance to the "London Evening Post," then printed by the same person.'—*Ib.* p. 101.

Perry, with Mr. Gray, purchased the 'Morning Chronicle' at the commencement of the French Revolution. Bellamy, a wine-merchant and house-keeper of the House of Commons, supplied the money, and at the Christmas dinners, given to the staff of the paper, the port purchased with the journal continued to be produced until the death of the successful editor. He was once committed to Newgate for an offence, of which numerous publications—ourselves among the number—might be impeached; namely, for designating the House of Lords 'an Hospital of Incurables.' Campbell and Coleridge associated with him in his labours, and in 1821, the 'Chronicle' fell into the hands of John Black, who was engaged on it for twenty-three years. To trace the changes in the colour of its politics might be an amusing, but it would not be a useful task. We leave it, therefore, and pass to its successor, in point of age—the 'Morning Post,' established in 1792. Its most distinguished editor, Daniel Stuart, gave it a wide success by his judicious mode of arrangement:—

'At that time,' he says, 'particular newspapers were known to possess peculiar classes of advertisements;—the "Morning Post," horses and carriages; the "Public Ledger," shippings, and sales of wholesale foreign merchandize; the "Morning Herald" and "Times," auctioneers; the "Morning Chronicle," books. All papers had all sorts of advertisements, it is true, but some were more remarkable than others for a particular class; and Mr. Perry, who aimed at making the "Morning Chronicle" a very literary paper, took pains to produce a striking display of book advertisements.

'This display had something more solid for its object than vanity. Sixty or seventy short advertisements, filling three columns, by Longman one day, by Cadell on another! "Bless me, what an extensive business they must have!" The auctioneers, to this day, stipulate to have all their advertisements inserted at once, that they may impress the public with a great idea of their extensive business. They will not have them dribbled out a few at a time, as the days of sale approach. The journals have, of late years, adopted the same rule with the same design. They keep back advertisements, fill up with pamphlets, and other stuff unnecessary to a newspaper, and then come out with a swarm of advertisements in a double sheet, to astonish their readers, and strike them with high ideas of the extent of the circulation, which attracts so many advertisers. The meagre days are forgotten, the days of swarm are remembered.'—*Ib.* p. 118.

We fear, very few journals of any class, at the present day, are compelled to resort to schemes for turning away advertisers without offence. The 'Morning Post,' however, was once so favoured by fortune, that the editor made it somewhat of a favour to admit announcements into the columns of his newspaper:—

'The booksellers and others crowded to the "Morning Post," when its circulation and character raised it above all its competitors. Each was desirous of having his cloud of advertisements inserted at once in the front page. I would not drive away the short miscellaneous advertisements, by allowing space to be monopolized by any class. When a very long advertisement of a column or two came, I charged enormously high, that it might be taken away without the parties being able to say it was refused admission. I accommodated the booksellers as well as I could, with a few new and pressing advertisements at a time. That would not do; they would have the cloud. Then, said I, there is no place for the cloud but the last page. The booksellers were affronted—indignant! The last page! To obtain the accommodation refused by the "Morning Post," they set up a morning paper—the "British Press;" and, to oppose the "Courier," an evening one—the "Globe." Possessed of a general influence among literary men, there could not be a doubt of success.'—*Ib.* p. 120.

The new paper lured away Lane, the great gun of the 'Morning Post;' its proprietors fancying, that by gaining him, they acquired the mainspring of their successful rival. But this individual

belonged to that tame and spiritless order of writers, who pride themselves on their gentlemanly language, and thus seek to make up for their want of power and brilliance. His desertion, therefore, was not a heavy blow to the rising journal, to which Southey and Coleridge contributed. The latter wrote his celebrated piece, 'Fire, Famine, and Slaughter,' for the 'Post,' which still continued to thrive, and enrich its proprietors. Papers were then possessed of a more literary character than now. Poets enriched them with their choicest productions, and writers of the highest excellence filled their columns. Charles Lamb describes the 'paragraphs' that then formed a chief feature in the journals :—

'In these days every morning paper, as an essential retainer to its establishment, kept an author, who was bound to furnish daily a quantum of witty paragraphs. Sixpence a joke—and it was thought pretty high too—was Dan Stuart's settled remuneration in these cases. The chat of the day, scandal; but above all, *dress* furnished the material. The length of no paragraph was to exceed seven lines; shorter they might be, but they must be poignant.'

One gentleman always made use of the same joke, when the channel of his original wit had run dry, and he was compelled to sort out of his collection a standard extravagance, to enliven the intelligence of the idle readers. 'It is not generally known, that the three blue balls, at the pawnbrokers' shops, are the ancient arms of Lombardy. The Lombards were the first money-brokers in Europe.'

Our author presents us with numerous sketches, more interesting than any fiction, of the fortunes and vicissitudes of the various newspapers. Tory journals, in those days, flourished in exuberant success; and moderate Liberals prospered in the sunshine of an extended circulation; but a democratic publication, unless inspired with the animation of a powerful, brilliant, and caustic writer, was not easily established. In close and murky offices, where editor and paragraph-maker sat together, the 'Albion' was manufactured. John Fenwick bought it of a man named Lovell, only known to fame from having stood in the pillory for speaking freely of the Prince of Wales. His journal could not command a hundred subscribers, and yet he reckoned on overthrowing the powers that were, though compelled to wander from friend to friend, borrowing seven shilling pieces and smaller coins, to answer the daily calls of the Stamp-office. That engine of repression allowed no credit to the proprietors of democratic journals, though the sycophants of oligarchy met with abundant courtesy at their hands. The paper was conducted with ability, but intemperance. The spirit of the country's rulers was certainly

fiercely tyrannical, yet the advocacy of axes and blocks, barricades, and revolutionary tribunals, seldom served any purpose but to influence the passions of the reckless, and arouse the fears of the timid. The 'Albion,' however, covered its subversive doctrines 'with flowers of so cunning periphrasis,' that 'the keen eye of the Attorney-General was insufficient to detect the lurking snake among them.' Nevertheless, the watchful friends of power marked paragraph after paragraph for submission to the Crown's Law Officers, with the design of exposing, if possible, their latent purport, but with no success, until, at length, a hapless epigram, of too plain a meaning, was detected, and the writers in the 'Albion' only escaped the vengeance of the authorities, by striking their colours, deserting their posts, and leaving their paper to perish in contemptible oblivion.

Next rose the 'Morning Herald,' promising to advocate the liberal cause, in temperate language; and next the 'Times,' which, as we have said, was printed 'logographically.' The reader not versed in technical details, may require an explanation of this classical term. Walter took out a patent for casting the type metal in whole words instead of single letters in the usual mode; these words being placed side by side by the compositor, instead of the single letters. The new plan was ridiculed in all quarters, and facetious writers declared that the orders of the editor to his type-founder were in the following vein:—

'Send me a hundred weight, made up in separate pounds, of *heat, cold, wet, dry, murder, fire, dreadful robbery, atrocious outrage, fearful calamity*, and so on; another hundred to be made up of *honourable gentlemen, loud cheers, gracious majesty, interesting female, &c.*'

In spite of all derision, however, Walter applied himself to the mechanics of the newspaper press, and at length brought steam to the aid of the wonderful machine—the great engine that speaks with a myriad of tongues, the thoughts of men in all the quarters of the empire. People ridiculed the idea, proclaiming it as absurd as the notion of paddling a ship at the speed of fifteen miles an hour against wind and tide, or drawing over an iron road, a train of a hundred and fifty tons, in a race with the storm, out-stripping the clouds and the wind. Against this conception, also, the pressmen rose in fierce hostility, threatening to revenge bitterly this innovation on their craft. The pieces of the machine were introduced by stealth, and secretly set up, not in the 'Times' office, but in an adjoining house. The inventor laboured quietly, contending with many difficulties, while the pressmen fancied they had suppressed the idea altogether. One night, however, after the whole of the types had been set up, and the paper was almost ready to be worked off, these men

were desired to wait in their room, until certain couriers arrived from the continent. They obeyed, and were expecting orders to commence, when Mr. Walter came in and astonished all, by saying, 'that the "Times" was already printed by steam; that if they attempted violence, there was a force ready to suppress it; but if they were peaceable, their wages should be continued to every man, till similar employment could be procured.' In that day's number appeared an announcement of the discovery, and an account of the process. The whole country was astonished beyond expression, and from that period to the present time, improvements have been made in the wonderful and intricate machinery, which now emits copies at the rate of eight thousand an hour. We have stood by the gigantic engine to watch it throwing forth its daily birth of about twenty-six thousand offspring, quietly, regularly, as though by magic, while the white sheets glided in on one side, and came forth on the other impressed with the varied characters that compose a day's news, and a day's discussion.

During fifty-eight years, from 1788, only one successful attempt was made to establish a daily paper—the 'Morning Advertiser.' The 'New Times' was established, and £20,000 were lost on the project; but the leading articles in the very first number ruined the scheme. John Murray, the successful publisher of Albemarle-street, made another essay, but lost large sums of money, 'to gain experience of the fact, that successful authors of books are not always the people able to answer the incessant demand on the mental food required to keep up a newspaper.'—Vol. ii. p. 188.

Another essay was made—Laman Blanchard and Thornton Hunt became conductors of the 'Constitutional'; Douglas Jerrold became its dramatic critic, and Makepeace Thackeray its Paris correspondent. The project failed; probably on account of this last circumstance, which would add nothing to the respectability of any journal. Next came the 'Daily News'—'the youngest, and certainly the most vigorous, of the newspaper family that has appeared since the "Times" came into the field.' The experiment of cheapness was tried, but the taxes on knowledge defeated it, though the journal continues to be successful. Mr. Knight Hunt estimates the expense of carrying on a daily paper at about £520 a week, during the Parliamentary session, or an average of £25,000 a year. He affords us an entertaining and original sketch of twenty-four hours' life in a newspaper office. Of its interest, the reader will be the best judge; to its fidelity, we can offer our own testimony.

Of the several evening papers—among which the 'Sun' is the most important, and the most ably conducted—we have also

descriptions; with a chapter on the weekly and provincial journals, the 'Sunday Times,' the 'Examiner,' the 'Spectator,' and others. Altogether, the work contains a mass of most varied and valuable information. It recommends itself to all readers, by its light and lively style, its store of anecdotes, its collection of curious details, and its general completeness as a history and description of the newspaper press. The Fourth Estate is not yet possessed of its proper influence in the country; but this is partly attributable to its own failings, and partly to the oppressive imposts which are levied, because, as Lord John Russell declares, cheap newspapers make government impossible. The press is not altogether true to itself. If it were, it would be more consistent, and less timid. As it is, however, it has acquired a power of which it can never be deprived. The day has gone by when writers are to be intimidated from the expression of their political views by Star Chambers, or the ministers of a corrupt, a worthless, and dangerous king. In the great struggle, the press has been victorious; and if the reader desire to trace, in an agreeable manner, the planting, growth, and spread of this tremendous power, he can do no better than peruse the interesting work of Mr. Knight Hunt.

ART. VII.—*A Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece.* By William Mure, of Caldwell. Vols. I.—III. London: Longman and Co. 1850.

THE plan of this work embraces six different periods—the Mythical, the Poetical, the Attic, the Alexandrian, the Roman, and the Byzantine; of which two only are contained in the three volumes before us. Colonel Mure scarcely ventures to flatter himself with having 'long life,' 'health and leisure,' for the completion of the whole course; and it will readily be understood, that although *three* volumes suffice for the *two* earliest periods, we cannot infer that *six* more volumes will be a fair proportion for the *four* periods that remain, in which the literature is beyond comparison richer, and far better preserved. It is not our office to dictate to a writer concerning his choice of subject; else we might regret that Colonel Mure had not, in the first instance, *made sure* of the fourth and fifth periods—the Alexandrine and the Roman, respecting which there has been comparatively little information laid before the English public. Personally, we confess, we are somewhat wearied with the discussions about Homer and Mythi-

cal Greece; and we had hoped that the main controversies had been set at rest. Indeed, if the present volumes were on the same side as Thirlwall, Müller, and Grote, we should regard the expenditure of seven hundred pages on the 'Epic Cycle,' as quite preposterous; but as Colonel Mure endeavours to head a re-action towards more old-fashioned views,—those of Mr. Clinton, or thereabouts,—we are indeed at liberty to think him too diffuse, but we cannot call his book superfluous. The nature of our own review will not admit of following him into details of minute Greek criticism; but we shall nevertheless, before quitting the subject, express in outline the grounds of difference we have with him.

To most readers, Colonel Mure will be far more interesting on the elegiac and lyric poets than in his Homeric criticism. He has had the vast advantage of writing with the excellent work of Müller before him, besides those of many other Germans (especially Welcker,) to whom he often refers. But we are national enough to prefer an English to a foreign mind, other things being equal; and we find in Mure a certain simplicity, which we (rightly or wrongly) judge to be an English characteristic. His style altogether is pleasing, although deficient in accuracy the moment he touches a question of evidence. His expositions are generally lucid and eloquent; and even in the less interesting topics he does not flag, but appears to be himself thoroughly interested. Altogether, he writes like a man who has studied his subject until it is exceedingly familiar to him; so that out of this medley of uncertainties there comes forth a homogeneous and consistent whole.

Moreover, on certain delicate moral questions, he seems to us to retain a stronger common sense than many of the enthusiastic and erudite Germans to whose genius this whole subject is so much indebted. He does not blind himself to the corruptions of the accomplished Greeks; and this makes his pages, if not always so agreeable, yet more instructive to the moral reader, than those of Müller or Welcker. If, in his discussions, the characters of Archilochus, Alcæus, Sappho, and others, appear painfully sullied, we fear that this must be counted a gain to truth: for there is, in many learned persons, a vehement tendency to disguise the evil side of Greek life. Most people shrink from the odiousness of exposing it. Only recently, Professor Becker, in his 'Charicles,' thought it his duty elaborately to refute the attempts of his countrymen to varnish over the Greek impurities; but, lo and behold! an English clergyman, who professes to translate the work, omits the entire chapter in which Becker performed the painful but wholesome task, and does not even enunciate his results! Highly as we esteem Mr. Grote's History of Greece,—which

becomes more and more deeply interesting and valuable as it advances,—we cannot but feel that he speaks too leniently of every practice which ‘Grecian manners did not condemn.’ It seems therefore to need some courage to deal plainly in this matter, and we are thankful to Colonel Mure that he does not shrink from it.

To write a history of extant literature, is at best arduous; to compile any intelligible account from mere fragments, is far more difficult. Of the elegiac and lyric poets of this era, we have only lines or stanzas from some, and of none have we the complete works. Here the historian does eminent service, in piecing together for us some connected idea which we could not, without great labour, attain for ourselves. But we do not at all feel the same thing concerning the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Everybody has read these, who will care to read Colonel Mure’s three volumes; and the same sort of criticism is not in place. Altogether, we are surprised at his first 144 pages; which give such information as one expects to find in a Greek grammar, or a common history of Greece. They are excusable, only as a preface to a work of twenty volumes; in which case, they may be intended, *not* to be read by a scholar, *but*, like an ornamental heading, to complete the artist’s ideal. That the book is written for persons familiar with the original Greek of Homer, is distinctly stated by the author as his reason for not translating the Homeric quotations, which are very ample. We think therefore that it would have been well to deal with the preliminary matter, as most authors with their prefaces; viz., to have reserved it until the entire work was completed. We speak of such subjects as the Pelasgian controversy, the primeval languages or dialects of Greece, Egyptian and Phœnician settlements in Greece, Phœnician alphabet, &c., structure and genius of the Greek language—its contrasts with the Shemitic and Chinese (!), early culture of the Greek language—its dialects, &c.

At the same time, we find ourselves in strong collision with Colonel Mure, even in this part of his work, when he professes to be enunciating what is notorious and undeniable. To scarcely anything that he states concerning the Pelasgians do we feel able to assent. He treads closely in the steps of Niebuhr here, and certainly adds nothing to what Niebuhr has said. But Niebuhr brings little satisfaction to any of his successors; in fact, his theory was so intimately blended with his idea that the Italian Tyrsenes were *not* Etruscans, but *were* Pelasgians, that he would possibly himself now renounce it, in consequence of the increased insight which has been gained into the relations of the Etruscans, from the tombs and pottery of Etruria. Concerning the Pelasgians, we must just say thus much. Niebuhr,

and even Thirlwall, overlooks the broad fact, that Homer is in irreconcilable collision with the later Greeks concerning them. In Homer, Pelasgian Argos means the Argos of Thessaly; *in contrast to which*, he calls the Argos of Agamemnon Achaian Argos; but in the Tragedians the latter Argos is emphatically Pelasgian, while in Herodotus and Strabo all the old and ante-Dorian population of Southern Greece (*viz.*, in Attica, Achaia, and Arcadia) is called Pelasgian—in direct contradiction to everything that can be gathered from Homer. In spite of this, the efforts of modern critics have been to blend into one system these evidently inconsistent accounts; and nothing but confusion results. Colonel Mure, indeed, comes to the conclusion, that Pelasgianism is only a purer Hellenism. He believes that the Athenians are genuine Pelasgians (p. 54), and never changed their tongue; and that the 'criterion for distinguishing, beyond the limits of Greece, a Pelasgic people from other alien tribes, was the resemblance of their language to the classical Greek.'—P. 51. (This seems to be a strange inference, from a well-known passage in Herodotus.) He tells us that 'the Pelasgians *were considered by the ancients* as standing to the Hellenes somewhat in the same relation as the Anglo-Saxons to ourselves;' that Hellenes and Pelasgi both came from Thesprotia, and both came from Thessaly; that the word *Greek* was drawn by the Romans from the same Pelasgian Thesprotians; that the Selli and the Helli are the same people, though the Selli are Pelasgians, and the Helli (word and race) the same as the Hellenes: on the other hand, the Dorians are from Thessaly, and the old Thessalians were Pelasgian. Colonel Mure does not draw the inference—but why may not we?—that the Dorians also are Pelasgian.

However it be accounted for, it seems to us to be a fact, that the Greeks, from the time of Æschylus downward, used Pelasgian as a *generic term* for the ante-Dorian population; believing the word *Hellene* to have come southward with the Dorians. Just so, we use the word *British*,* for every thing ante-Saxon in our island; yet it is possible enough that in Roman times, the word *Briton* was not used *generically*, but only *specifically*, by the natives of this soil; for comprehensive titles are slow and late in growth. Homer undoubtedly did *not* use the word *Pelasgic*, thus comprehensively; nor did the early Germans ever say 'Teutons,' as Colonel Mure does (p. 49), to include all the kindred

* Our poets say *British* to mean *English*; as the Latin poets say *Pelasgian* for *Greek*. Again, we talk even in prose of 'the *British*' in India and in Canada; because we want a generic name to include the natives of the triple kingdom. If all literature older than 1800 A.D. were destroyed what a Pelasgian controversy would arise about the genuine *British*!

branches of that family. The word Pelasgian is specific in Homer, as Teuton in Livy or Sallust; but Pelasgian was made by the contemporaries of Æschylus all-comprehensive of the oldest population of Greece, as Teuton by Mr. Mure of the oldest German population. Herodotus's discussion on the Pelasgians fully evinces that he had no criterion whatever for discovering who were and who were not Pelasgians, nor any clear idea as to what he himself meant when he uttered the name. Indeed, he tells us, that he was in doubt whether their tongue was barbarous or Hellenic. Certain tribes he knew in some more emphatic sense to be Pelasgians; perhaps, because they called themselves so; and these he found to speak unintelligibly to him; 'if we are to judge by these,' says he, the Pelasgians were barbarous.' This very modest argument Colonel Mure is pleased to call a 'crude speculation' and empty of all value to us, *because* Herodotus was not skilled in analyzing the structure and affinity of languages! Truly, this will avail to prove that German, Persian, and Latin, are not barbarous languages to a Greek. Will Colonel Mure be good enough to define the word *barbarous*, and inform us what he supposes Herodotus and all other* Greeks to have meant, if not that a tongue was unintelligible? The inscription on pottery found by Lepsius in the Pelasgian town of Agylla, and others, which the same authority calls Pelasgian, are confessed by Mure 'to contain very faint traces, if any, of Hellenic etymology.' Undoubtedly they are as totally un-Greek as Virgil's Georgics; thus *the present aspect of the evidence* is to prove that those who were called specifically and properly Pelasgians, in Greece or Italy, differed in language from the Hellenes as much as Italians or Sicilians did.

Nor can we any the more assent to Colonel Mure's very confident assertion (on which he means to build), that 'the most subtle casuistry can point out no generic distinction between the apotheosis of kings or great men in the historical ages of Greece and Rome, and that of popular heroes in fabulous antiquity.' The tendency to apotheosis, he tells us, is confined to the Græco-Pelasgic nations (among whom he includes the Romans), and is not to be recognised among the Germans or Celts. 'It is farther

* Dionysius, indeed, labours to prove that the Romans are not barbarous; and to effect this, smooths over the chasm between Pelasgians and Greeks. The very attempt might have warned Colonel Mure that Dionysius must not be quoted; for he had a political theory to serve. When he says that a Roman is not a barbarian to a Greek, he is gulling his countrymen, to comfort them under their slavery; yet he had this excuse:—he discerned analogies between Greek and Latin, and *did not know* there were like analogies between Greek and Persian, Greek and German, Greek and Sarmatian. But Colonel Mure does know this.

remarkable,' he adds, that it is 'chiefly exemplified in monarchical, and rarely, if ever, in republican states.' He however quotes as instances of apotheosis, Cæsar, Alexander, Lysander, Lycurgus, Agamemnon. A strange enumeration! which indeed might itself have shown him, that no 'subtle casuistry' is here needed. It is on the face of history that *adulation*, not *superstition*, led to the deification of Cæsar, Alexander, and Lysander,—of the last only in his lifetime and for a short period, to the extreme disgust of other Spartans. We suppose Colonel Mure has good authority for ascribing apotheosis to Agamemnon; but he will not pretend that it was until a great chasm of time had separated him from memory. Whether Lycurgus was worshipped as a hero *immediately* upon his death, we do not know; as, in fact (Plutarch plainly tells us), *nothing* is certain about Lycurgus. Brasidas is the sole instance in historical Greece, of a man being worshipped as a hero by his own contemporaries from genuine love and admiration; but even this rose out of a political crisis, viz. that the Amphipolitans, having revolted from Athens, *wanted* a new hero-founder; for they no longer chose to retain the memory of the Athenian Hagnon. That the contrast of 'Græco-Pelasgians' to other nations in this matter, is a mere fiction of Colonel Mure's imagination, is apparent from the worship paid by our ancestors to St. Thomas à Becket, not to speak of that which Æschylus supposes the widowed queen of Darius to address to her deceased husband. When Colonel Mure himself remarked, that such apotheosis generally goes along with monarchy, he all but said that it depends on adulation, and is *insincere*. Apotheosis of heroes, whose name has come down from distant time, is common with rude nations; but the *sincere* apotheosis of a dead man *by his contemporaries*, is exceedingly rare, and can only rise out of very peculiar circumstances.

Colonel Mure informs us, that he once eagerly believed the theories of Wood, Wolff, Hermann, &c., concerning the numerous authors, whose joint labours have produced the poems of Homer; but he has now reverted to the older opinion, that the Iliad and the Odyssey are entirely from one poet, and that this poet *wrote* his compositions. He maintains that Homer was an Æolian, well acquainted* with the localities of the Troad, and *not* an Ionian, as is generally thought: that he had no peculiar sympathy with the Achæians of Peloponnesus, and looked on the Dorian invasion with perfect indifference. The insignificant part which Athens plays in the Iliad, proves that Homer had no Ionian partialities. Of Ionia Proper (in Asia), he seems to

* Yet so little did the accounts of the Iliad suit the real country, that the ancients had to make a special theory concerning an *older Troy* to accommodate Homer.

have no geographical knowledge. He was probably the poet-laureate of some wealthy chief, an habitual guest at the royal table, and (whether by personal adventures, or by meeting strangers from all parts) well acquainted with the coasts of Greece. In writing the song of Troy, he was undertaking to celebrate a real history, though he adorned it with fictions. He had parchment in abundance. He alludes to the art of writing in the celebrated passage concerning Prætus and Bellerophon; and undoubtedly wrote out the Iliad and Odyssey on parchment. The phenomena of the lost *digamma*, and of the various forms of words in the poems, do not demonstrate oral transmission; for we find similar phenomena in the later written poetry. The numerous 'parallel passages' which connect the Odyssey with the Iliad, suffice to prove that the two came from a single poet. But the ancients were wrong in imagining that the Homeric 'Hymns,' or the 'Cyprian Verses,' or the 'Margites,' came from Homer. Such, we believe, is a summary of Colonel Mure's views.

We cannot compliment him on the power of clearly presenting the adverse arguments against which he has to contend. If we did not know them, we doubt whether we could gather them at all from his book. The great question, *whether Homer had a free abundance of writing materials*, he separates and throws to the end of his three volumes; so that he has finished the Homeric controversy (in appearance) long before he comes to this. In fact, until near the end, we could not find out whether he did, or did not, suppose Homer to have written his poetry. To say this, is to say (what is the case), that he most unfairly,—though, we doubt not, unintentionally,—disguises and misrepresents his adversaries' arguments. This is so serious a matter, and so cardinal a one, that we must exhibit it more distinctly:—

'The most comprehensive and plausible objection to the genuineness of these poems,' is, 'the improbability that, "in so rude an age," any poet should have conceived so vast and complicated a scheme of epic action as the Iliad or the Odyssey; or that two such works, even if executed, could have been preserved entire to posterity.'—Vol. i. p. 233.

We presume that Colonel Mure has quoted the words 'in so rude an age' (which he puts into quotation marks), from *some one*; but it seems to us to have meant, 'in an age so rude as not to possess abundant materials for writing;' and he ought to have replied by saying that they *had* parchment in abundance, and familiar use of it: instead of which, he launches into generalities about the marks of mental culture and elegance in Homer;—that 'a great heroic poem is the office *rather of inspired genius than of book-making artifice*;'—(who would imagine that Colonel

Mure believes Homer to have been a 'book-maker' as truly as Virgil?—and, in short, so many arts were highly developed,—(he then enumerates every art *except* the cardinal one of writing!—p. 235)—that we ought not to call Homer's age rude and barbarous.—No doubt Colonel Mure will say, that he *reserved* the question for the close of his third volume: but this should have been stated. At present, he deceives the less informed, and irritates the better informed reader, by omitting the main argument which he has to refute.

Still more strongly do we complain that he misrepresents those, who, like Grote, deny that the Homeric poems can be quoted as authoritative witnesses to historical facts concerning the persons and events described; or, that a genealogy can be trusted which ends in a God. At one moment, Colonel Mure appears to concede all that Grote would ask; the next, he imagines he has confuted him, and has re-established Mr. Clinton. Let us hear Mure and Grote alternately:—

'The admission, that certain leading heroes of Thebes and Troy may have been real men' [N.B. *May* have been!—as modest as the most sceptical of us] 'can as little extend to them all, as a similar admission in regard to the Roman Catholic saints or martyrs would involve a belief in the human existence of all those holy personages; many of whom are as purely fictitious as the Muses, Fauns, or Dryads of antiquity. *Any attempt to draw a specific line of distinction between the real and the fictitious element of either the Romish or the Pagan calendar, must, IN THE ABSENCE OF ALL AUTHENTIC CRITERIA, be obviously hypercritical.* The views, on the other hand, which speculative inquirers may be led to adopt on the *unsubstantial data* at their disposal, will vary so widely in different minds as scarcely to leave a common basis on which to reason with each other.'—*Mure*, vol. i. p. 31.

'The ablest chronologist can accomplish nothing, unless he is supplied with a certain basis of matter of fact, pure and distinguishable from fiction, and authenticated by witnesses both knowing the truth and willing to declare it. . . . But if all the original statements submitted to him contain truth (at least wherever there *is* truth) in a sort of chemical combination with fiction, which he has no means of decomposing, he is in the condition of one who tries to solve a problem without data. . . . Whether the proportion of truth contained in the epic poets be smaller or greater, *it is at all events unassignable*; and the constant and intimate admixture of fiction is both indisputable in itself, and, indeed, essential to the purpose and profession of those from whom the tales proceed. . . . Out of a heap of such tales, not agreeing, but discrepant in a thousand ways, *and without a morsel of pure authenticated truth*, the critic is called upon to draw out a methodical series of historical events adorned with chronological dates.'—*Grote*, vol. ii. p. 50.

Who could better agree than Mure, who says that it is absurd

to try to 'distinguish the real from the fictitious element in the absence of all authentic criteria;' and Grote, who says, that out of a heap of tales, which contain no authenticated truth, no truths at all are assignable? Grote does not assert that there was no war of Troy, no Agamemnon, no Helen, no Achilles, no Hector, no Priam, but that we have no guarantee of it. There was certainly no *such* Helen, no *such* Achilles, no *such* war, as Homer deliberately tells of; and, consequently, no event is to be received as true merely because Homer sings of it. There may have been a war of Troy, with a Priam and an Agamemnon, but without an Achilles or a Helen; or with an Achilles, but without a Hector; or there may have been no such war at all. We are just in the state in which our posterity would be, if all history were lost, and Shakspeare survived. They would not know whether to believe King Richard III., King Lear, Macbeth, and Othello, to be real characters or fictions. No human wit would be able to discriminate; and an historian, so circumstanced, would be unwise in attempting to extract history out of Shakspeare *at all*. For, if he did hit on truth, he could not authenticate it; and, if he alighted on error, he would receive no warning of it. Mr. Grote has written so clearly on this, that to misunderstand him would imply a heated mind, and to misrepresent him has no excuse. We do not know whether Colonel Mure has in his eye some one *still more* sceptical than Mr. Grote, when he uses sarcastical expressions—such as 'the sceptical school,' 'speculative theorists,' 'subtle casuists,' and others which we think unbecoming; as though his learned opponents were always eager to 'evade' an obvious argument—were 'prepossessed' with systems of their own, &c. &c. . . . But, assuredly, he is himself 'prepossessed' with the idea, that there is a *vital connexion* between the Trojan war and the colonization of Asia Minor. To assert or to deny this, appears to us equally gratuitous. We also could make a theory—that the *Æolic* colonization *preceded* the Dorian conquest of Peloponnesus—that it was headed by Achilles, and in the next generation was celebrated by Homer; but since there are five hundred other possibilities, all such theorizing seems to us gratuitous. Colonel Mure himself remarks with wonder, that the Epic poets *never* celebrate the (notoriously historical) events of the Dorian invasion, and the revolutions rising out of it. Mr. Grote might certainly help him to the solution of the riddle; viz., the Epic poets *never pretended to sing* about common history and contemporary mortals, 'men such as live in these degenerate days'—but about ancient times, when men were like gods. Hence, while the more distant period is seen in a blazing halo, the recent events are dim or unknown.

Colonel Mure's unsoundness as a *historical* critic certainly

seemed to us in his first volume unworthy of the nineteenth century; but his full weakness did not force itself on us until we reached his treatment of the fable of Arion. We had before made allowance for his Homeric partialities, and for the real and acknowledged difficulty of *that* controversy, as misleading his wiser judgment; but, after reading his comments on Arion, we feel that there can be no mediation between him and us. Herodotus tells us that Arion having thrown himself from his ship into the midst of the sea, was received on the back of a dolphin, which carried him safe to land; in commemoration of which, Arion dedicated a bronze figure of himself bestriding a dolphin, in the sanctuary of Neptune, at Tænarus. Colonel Mure hereupon remarks:—‘That this beautiful fable is *founded more or less on fact*, few even of the most *fastidious* commentators have ventured to dispute;’ and infers that the poet having been, ‘*it matters not how*,’ preserved from drowning, symbolically commemorated this by the offering of the dolphin! The cardinal point of interest—the mode of preservation—Colonel Mure makes wholly unimportant. While rejecting the very core of the legend, he arbitrarily preserves the shell; and pronounces those to be ‘fastidious’ and ‘sceptical,’ who hesitate to receive as history his unriddling of the fable! Truly it is a bad case, if genuine history is to be discredited by putting it on a level with such divinations as these. But this is not all. Colonel Mure does not understand the difference between *accounting for the origin* of a tale, and *admitting the partial truth* of a tale. Thus he quotes those who suppose the bronze figure may have represented Neptune himself riding on a dolphin, among those who admit that the story is ‘founded in fact!’ This seems to justify us in saying that he has not yet even understood the views concerning the just criticism of such legends, held by all the great writers of the day, whom he is undertaking to refute. We therefore dispense with further comment.

In contrasting the discussion concerning the later epical writers in the book before us, with the concise, but pregnant sketch given by Kenrick in a few pages of his preface to Herodotus, the immense philosophical superiority of the latter is evident at a glance. Kenrick shows how poetry fell off by striving after history. The later epic writers, firmly believing ‘the tale of Troy divine,’ tried more and more to tell it in chronological order and without chasms. Invention became more and more active, and the tales more and more complete; but they gradually lost poetical beauty by the process, and made no approach towards trustworthy history. They were, nevertheless, believed; but their want of poetical merit led to their final loss. In Colonel

Mure's very diffuse treatment of these poems, we cannot anywhere alight on the important fact, that the Cyclic poets represent the Epos in its transition towards history; and, indeed, we expect that he would meet our complaint by broadly denying the truth of the view.

Colonel Mure is accustomed to speak of his own views concerning Homer, as sanctioned by the *authority* of the ancients, and to reprobate those of Müller, Grote, Thirlwall, Welcker, Hermann, Giese, &c., as novel scepticism. In this, he unfairly keeps out of sight, what upon occasion he admits, that Herodotus ascribed the Cypria, — Thucydides the Delian Hymn — and Aristotle the Margites, — to the poet of the Iliad; which are unanimously rejected by all critics from Aristarchus downward. Colonel Mure tries to break the force of this by faintly deprecating our being too sure that the Margites was spurious; yet his tone clearly shows that he knows it to be a lost battle. To speak of the critical opinion of Aristarchus, as if it were a historical testimony to Homer, is unfair. We give to Aristarchus his due, in fully examining any point on which we differ from him; but we are not to be chided as sceptics, speculatists, fastidious, prejudiced, &c., because we do not on all points come to the same conclusions as Aristarchus. If we may revise the opinions of earlier writers, as Herodotus and Thucydides, and of an acute critic like Aristotle, why are we not free to revise those of Aristotle's successors? To us it appears that the diversities of the Iliad and the Odyssey are so great, that *when there is not one tittle of historical evidence in proof that they came from the same poet,** it is unreasonable to impute them to the same. Such was the view maintained by Xenon against Aristarchus. Colonel Mure has a chapter on the parallelisms of the Iliad and the Odyssey, in proof of identity of authorship; but these solely prove that the writer of the Odyssey was familiar with the Iliad. Quite as well may it be pretended that the tale of Pandora, in Hesiod, is the work of Homer. If the passage were sily interpolated into the Odyssey, we are certain that Colonel Mure could ingeniously maintain its genuineness from numberless parallelisms of expression. He tries to deny the contrast of tone that there is in the Iliad and Odyssey. Far be it from us to say that they *cannot* have come from one poet, — especially at an interval of thirty years; but how great is the contrast, is shown by Müller, who, after struggling to maintain

* How empty of value is the legend, called 'Herodotus's Life of Homer,' Mure is well aware (vol. ii. p. 199); yet, because he wants to use it as having a nucleus of accredited tradition, he favours the notion of Homer's blindness; a notion which is manifestly built upon the assumption that the poet of the Delian Hymn is Homer.

that they are both from the same Homer, ends by conjecturing that the poet of the Iliad *bequeathed the design* of the Odyssey to a devoted disciple, its real author!

But while doubting whether both poems come from one author, we concede to Colonel Mure, that the very arguments by which the two are put in contrast, go to show a unity of authorship in the Iliad. We complain, indeed, that here also Colonel Mure does not do his adversaries justice. While affecting to refute them, he in fact deals only with the most extreme and improbable theory, which he designates as that of 'atomic' concretion; as though the Iliad were a mosaic, made up of fragments not originally intended to form a single whole. We doubt whether any one ever went so far as this. Those who believe that they discover the marks of many different poets in the Iliad, suppose that most of the additions were made with a view to work the poem up into a whole, as well as to enlarge it. Colonel Mure, both as an Englishman, and because Grote's theory of an original Achilleid is peculiarly cautious and plausible, ought, we think, to have addressed himself to refute this. We regard it as the weak point of Grote's theory, that he gives us no sufficient evidence that the additions and changes successively undergone by the Iliad, cannot have been made by the original poet. Why not? Such things happen in the present day. A man composes a poem, say in three cantos. In consequence of the criticism of his friends he destroys one of the cantos, and adds several more, quite changing many leading points in the old story; after which, though he intends to make the whole harmonious, certain incongruities are left unawares. (We are narrating what we know as a fact.) How much more easily must such things have happened, when a poet *sang* his verses? That which he sings this year, he may choose to enlarge, and otherwise modify, next year, when new chieftains come before him, whose family or city he desires to celebrate. By such a process, Homer himself may have enlarged his 'Achilleid' into an 'Iliad;' and it is easier to believe this, than that a number of great geniuses devoted themselves to perfect Homer's work, and bequeathed to us nothing original.

The question still remains, whether the poet of the Iliad had the means of *writing* his poems. And here it appears to us, that Mure, although he overstates his own side and undervalues that of his opponents, still has made a valuable contribution to the argument, and decidedly inclines the scale to the old-fashioned opinion. No *Rhapsodists* or *Homeridæ* are alluded to in these early Epics; and since poems so long could not have been preserved by memory without a systematic schooling, whenever they attained their present amplitude they must have been com-

mitted to writing. Moreover, as they are vastly too long to be recited even in a week's festivity, they seem to have been composed *in order to be read*, that is, at least by the bard. Such being the *primâ facie* evidence,—when we ask, What is the disproof? we do not find anything very decisive. The Phœnician alphabet was brought into Greece in the earliest times. No one can say how early *hides and leather* were used for paper. Such material was not too expensive for the professional bard to use as the treasure-house of his poems; although it was quite unfitted for a vehicle to the public. If Colonel Mure had rested in such a statement, instead of trying to prove that even the Spartans were a literary people, and that 'parchment' was familiar in the earliest times, he would have reasoned more convincingly. He rightly insists that the Athenian register of property introduced by Solon, implies a sufficiency of writing material for state purposes; but he does ill in trying to explain away the celebrated tale of Thucydides, concerning the *written* despatch which Nicias at last determined to send home from Syracuse. Colonel Mure lays stress on the Lacedæmonian *scytale*, as proving an abundance of parchment! We have from Xenophon the entire of one despatch, which runs thus:—'Good luck is gone; Mindarus is dead; the men are hungry; we do not know what to do.' This was written on a thin strip of parchment (or leather?) which had first been rolled round a stick of particular shape; when unrolled, it was hard to read, from the uncertainty what sort of stick to roll it on. A single skin might serve a Spartan general for the despatches of his whole campaign! We cannot doubt that the troublesomeness of writing in full was the cause which made Nicias and other Athenian generals ordinarily trust so much to the oral report of their messengers.

We think that Colonel Mure justly refers the Homeric phrase, *θεῶν ἐν γούνασι κεῖται*, to the resting of a *tablet* on the knees of the writer; and that the 'deadly signs' on the tablet of Bellerophon were a poetical description of alphabetic characters. If writing was a very rare accomplishment of a Homeric chief (as of a knight in the Middle Ages), this may account for its being only once attributed to a hero; while in the Tragedians no idea is commoner than that Orestes, Agamemnon, Iphigenia, Phædra, should write a letter *in a tablet*. But we submit to Colonel Mure, that *wax*, not *parchment*, was their material.

We cannot here discuss the arguments about the digamma, and the varying forms of words; but we may say, that the disputants on both sides appear to us to push their conclusions too vehemently. Nevertheless, since a defensive or negative argument is here enough for Mure, he has on the whole

the advantage. When indeed he so stiffly denies that the digamma was a *consonant*, he does not seem to be aware that he is contending for a name. Grant to him that *w* is a 'liquid guttural,' and not a 'pure consonant,' and it does not affect the argument. The case stands thus. Such words as *εικω*, *εοικα*, *εελμαι*, *αλεις*, *επος*, *ειπε*, were once sounded *weiko*, *wewoika*, *wewel-mai*, *waleis*, *wepos*, *eweipe*. There must have been a state of transition (as in the loss of the *h* sounded in Italian and in modern Greek), in which two pronunciations were allowable—that is, with or without the *w* sound. The text of Homer shows many of these words to have still retained the *w* sound, either uniformly or generally; yet the *w* is never written: therefore the text was not committed to writing by Homer himself, but first by a much later scribe. The proper reply is, that the orthography has been remade ten times over. The *η* and *ω* are probably of later introduction, as well as the accents; hence we cannot infer that the original Homer did not write the digamma, though it was dropt as an archaism by the later scribes. Instead of this, Colonel Mure represents the adverse theory as maintaining that the Greeks 'by tacit consent or imperial decree banished a pure consonant from their vocabulary;' and that it assumes something as absurd as that we should, *ad libitum*, drop the *λ* out of all Greek words. This is really drivelling; but Colonel Mure seems never able to state an adverse argument fairly.

We fear that he will not accept advice from us; else we should advise him to study Mr. Grote's volumes more minutely. He seldom alludes to this eminent writer except in a tone of disparagement, and appears so to misunderstand and misrepresent him, that it is doubtful whether Mr. Grote will condescend to notice him in reply. It is indeed curious to see how apt Colonel Mure is to correct an error committed by Grote concerning the date of Thespis; and how unapt he is to learn from him the different value of romance and of history—of contemporaneous records and of a pleader's bold assertions.

ART. VIII.—*Memoirs of the War of Independence in Hungary.* By General Klapka. Translated from the Original Manuscript by Otto Wenckstern. Two Vols. 12mo. London: Charles Gilpin.

THE story of Hungary is not yet told. We know it only partially, and have to learn the depth of its mournfulness,—its dark and terrible tragedy. Some valuable contributions to it have recently been made, but our information is still limited, and our

judgments, whether in the way of approval or of censure, are consequently deficient. We are much indebted to Madame Pulszky, to Max Schlesinger, and to the author of 'The Village Notary,' reviewed in our January Journal, for the light they have thrown on the Hungarian character, the social habits of the people, and the patriotism with which they nobly struggled in defence of their political rights. The immediate issue of that struggle has been disastrous. Lamentation and death have spread over the land. The House of Hapsburg has accomplished its policy; but, in doing so, it has torn from the breast of Hungary the last fragment of that confiding loyalty which formerly rallied, with more than Roman heroism, to its defence, when the hereditary dominions of Austria failed to throw back the tide of invasion. The congratulations of the Camarilla of Vienna must even now be mingled with sad forebodings; and the time cannot be distant, when the young Emperor and his butcher-like officers will learn that the exile of patriots, and the murder of virtuous and heroic men, may be effected—even on political grounds simply—at too high a price. Few events have awakened such enthusiasm as the Hungarian struggle of 1848—1849. The vast energies and heroism of her people, the justice of their cause, the political sagacity and high-minded patriotism of Kossuth, the intrepidity and marvellous achievements of her armies, their triumphant repulse of Austria, their terrible struggles against the hordes of the North, the treachery of Görgey, and the merciless retribution inflicted on her gallant sons, have excited throughout Western Europe, and amongst our own countrymen especially, the deepest and most thrilling interest. We rejoiced in her triumphs, we have lamented her defeat; and even now, amidst the darkness settled around her, we look confidently onward for some brighter day. May its dawn be speedily visible, that the despots who have ravaged her territories and slain her sons, may learn that there is a righteous God who judgeth in the earth!

In the meantime, we have a duty to perform. Mere brute force cannot permanently prevail. The age of the sword is happily passed. It may prosper for a time, but there is a weapon infinitely keener and more powerful—and this is in our hands, and we must wield it diligently, and with skill. To form the public sentiment of Western Europe, is now the special vocation of English liberals; and they are happily aided in doing so, in the case of Hungary, by the concurrence, to a large extent, of their domestic opponents. Tories have united with Whigs in swelling the protest which more active and earnest reformers have uttered against the unhallowed compact and sanguinary

policy of the Russian and Austrian Courts. It is for English journalists, each in his sphere, to make known the facts of this case; to tear aside the various pretexts by which the perfidy, despotism, and relentless vengeance of Austria are sought to be concealed; and thus to raise up a moral power which, though less rapidly, with far more certain effect, will befriend the oppressed, and yet achieve the deliverance of Hungary.

The volumes before us are a useful contribution to this service, and we lose no time, therefore, in introducing them to our readers. Their author, General Klapka, is an exile in this country. We congratulate him on having met with a publisher who combines with the wonted integrity of a British trader, a generous sympathy with humanity under all its varied forms. We should be glad, were we at liberty to do so, to detail some circumstances connected with this publication which have come to our knowledge, and which redound greatly to the honour of Mr. Gilpin. We must, however, refrain, and content ourselves with stating that they add another to the many claims which this gentleman has on the esteem and admiration of all who know him.

General Klapka occupied an important military station in the Hungarian army, was for a short period Secretary-at-War to the Commonwealth, and was Commander of the last fortress which held out against the arms of Austria. His 'Memoirs' are the production of a soldier. They bear the strong impress of a military mind, and deal rather with the armies and their generals than with the constitutional questions involved in the struggle, and the character of the civilians by whom its movements were guided. The interest of the work is hereby somewhat limited; nor are expressions and views wanting which indicate an exclusive reliance on the sword. The author was one of a numerous class which, passionately devoted to the independence of his country, had no faith in any other power than that of the army. With the genuine feeling of his profession, he looked to the soldier, and to him only, as the instrument of its redemption. It may be that he was not so far wrong as some of us imagine. He had to do with a different order of things from what, happily, exists among ourselves; and public opinion, therefore, which is here so powerful, may there have been weak and unstable. We are, in this respect, at least, in advance of Hungary. At any rate, General Klapka writes, as he evidently thinks and feels. The patriotic, brave, and skilful soldier, is visible throughout his work, which has, therefore, a specific character. His judgments are clear, direct, and sometimes severe. The prejudices of the soldier are occasionally visible, while those of his

nation lead him sometimes, as we suspect, to disparage the character and services of Dembinski and the other foreigners who served in the Hungarian armies.

We shall not follow the author's narrative, nor indeed is it written in a style which admits of our doing so. There is nothing graphic or picturesque about it. It is rather the military notes of an observer, deeply interested in the struggle, and competent to judge of the bearing of each movement on the general result of the campaign. The characters of the leading men, whose names are familiar to Europe, are incidentally illustrated; while few, probably, will hesitate to admit that the ambition and treachery of Görgey are placed beyond doubt.

General Klapka has prefixed to his work an 'Historical Introduction,' of considerable value, which we strongly recommend to the perusal of our readers. The rule of the House of Hapsburg in Hungary was established by fraud, and in manifest violation of the constitution. It was in November, 1526, that the estates of Hungary elected John Zapolya, a native noble, to the vacant throne, in opposition to the Roman king, Ferdinand of Hapsburg. The latter immediately assembled his supporters at Pressburg, and, by the liberal use of Austrian money, induced them to concur in his coronation. A civil war ensued, which lasted for thirteen years, and, on the death of Zapolya, the succession was secured to Ferdinand. 'The house of Austria was recognised by the nation, when this recognition was the only means to save Hungary from ruin; for it was the contest with Austria which opened a door to the Turkish invasions. The Turks conquered almost the whole of the kingdom; they established themselves at Buda, and advanced to the walls of Vienna.' The Hungarian nation constituted an independent sovereignty, of which the Emperor of Austria was king, and the usual consequences of such a relation were experienced.

'Scarcely had Ferdinand I. received the crown of Hungary for himself and his family, when he, and his descendants after him, neglected the country and the sacred duties of their office. They all pledged their words to reside in Hungary for a part of the year, but not one of them remained true to his word. Whenever the Hungarian nation expressed their wishes in this respect, they received evasive answers, based on the most futile pretences: the command of the Hungarian troops was given to foreigners, to the signal detriment of the native generals, who were better versed in the ways and means of warfare against the Turks than the Austrian officers could be. When the House of Austria was a suitor for the Hungarian crown, great stress was laid on its hereditary power and the imperial dignity of its members, as giving a promise of an efficient protection against the Turks. But

their reign in Hungary was a direct contradiction of their promises. Large provinces were left to the Turks. For one hundred and forty-five years did the Crescent rule over more than one-half of the country. The chiefs of the malcontents in 1667 were fully justified in protesting, that—

‘ “It was an open question, which was worse—Turkish or Austrian sovereignty. The Black Sea and the Adriatic were at one time the confines of the kingdom of Hungary. Ever since the advent of the first Hapsburgs our power has decreased, and our frontiers receded; one hundred and forty years have sufficed to make Hungary a narrow strip of land, near the Carpathians and the Styrian Mountains. The Danube, the Theiss, the Drave, and the Save, flow for the benefit of the Turks; three-fourths of Hungary, viz., the provinces of Transylvania, Croatia, Sclavonia, Dalmatia, Servia, and Bosnia, are tributaries to them, if not subjects. It is better to make a voluntary surrender to the Porte, and to have liberty of conscience, such as Transylvania enjoys.” ’—*Introduction*, pp. xxiv.—xxvi.

For three hundred years this system has been maintained in all its original iniquity. The exceptions are rare, and at extended intervals, and were speedily followed by still more strenuous efforts to reduce Hungary to the condition of a dependent colony. It was the constant policy of Austria to foment divisions between the several races subject to its rule. *Divide et impera* was its motto, and Prince Metternich carried this infamous system to its utmost length. He made desperate efforts to undermine the local institutions of Hungary, and venal writers were found—as in our own country—to defend his centralizing policy. The obvious tendency of his administration alarmed all genuine patriots, and was met by a noble act of political justice which will yet bear generous fruit. In the parliament of 1847, before the great European revolution, the Hungarian peasantry were relieved from feudal burdens, and invested with the rights and privileges of freemen. The revolution of March, 1848, followed—in which Hungary obtained no new rights, but merely recovered her ancient and undoubted liberties. The statesmen of Vienna sought to arrest the progress of constitutional freedom, by their old policy of arming race against race. With a perfidy scarcely paralleled, they at once denounced the Servians as rebels, and sent them supplies of money and officers.

‘ The plans of the Austrian Camarilla were so black, so disgraceful, so revolting, that the mere suspicion of them would have degraded the Hungarian Government. For, by the express command of the Vienna Cabinet, M. Mayerhofer, the Austrian consul at Belgrade, who pretended to act on his own responsibility, enlisted auxiliaries for the Razen; he (still acting on his own responsibility) sent them artillery and ammunition, gave them his advice, and assured them of the Emperor’s delight in their proceedings. On the other hand (for the

case was not yet ripe for an *open game*), the Austrian War-office sent for troops from Galicia, Austria, and Bohemia; these troops were marched off to assist the Hungarians against the traitorous plans of Jellachich and the Servian rebels, and proclamations were addressed to them, exhorting them to devotion and perseverance. The Austrian official journals declaimed against the Servian bandits. Austrian horse, foot, and artillery, under Austrian officers, exterminated the insurgent Razen; while these wretched victims of an unconscientious policy were at the same time exhorted (and by Austrian generals, too) to persevere and to wait for the time of revenge. Austrian officers in disguise led them into battle; Austrian money paid for their stores; Austrian arsenals furnished their weapons. Thousands fell on either side. Soldiers and subjects were alike sacrificed to the yearning love of the *paternal Government*. Towns and villages were burnt; provinces were laid waste; whole populations were beggared. But the mild and gentle spirit of our sovereigns pursued its ruthless career: murder, rapine, and incendiarism, were grateful, so they were but expedient.—*Ib.* pp. lviii. lix.

The defeat of Jellachich, and his flight into Austria, established the military reputation of Hungary, and disclosed the infamous policy of the Court. The Vienna revolution, of October, proffered an opportunity which, if promptly seized, would have gone far to insure the successful issue of the struggle. 'The Hungarians,' says General Klapka, 'ought to have assisted the Viennese. If not in their duty, it was clearly in their interest. Our army approached the frontier for that very purpose. At that time we had it in our power to attack and defeat the Austrians, before they had collected their troops round Vienna, and before they could succeed in reducing that city.' The opportunity, however, was lost, and we need not say what followed. Kossuth now took a leading part; and his counsels were uniformly marked by energy, largeness of views, and the rarest patriotism. The tide of Austrian invasion was thrown back, and the repudiation of the House of Hapsburg was solemnly decreed by the Hungarian parliament. Intelligence of this event reached the army after the battle of Nagy Sarlo, 'and it made a favourable impression on the great majority of the troops.' The fate of the kingdom now depended on General Görgey. Had he adopted a bold resolution, and executed it with rapidity, he could scarcely have failed of success. But he was unequal to the crisis; and instead of hastening on to Vienna, where the greatest alarm prevailed, he turned aside to Buda, where his strength was wasted, and, what was of still greater moment, much time was lost.

'His fatal resolution,' says our author, 'has repeatedly been branded with the name of treason. This sweeping condemnation is, to the best of my opinion, unsupported by the facts of the case. It is, indeed,

true that General Görgey neglected to pay sufficient consideration to the imperative nature of circumstances ; unlimited ambition and selfishness were clearly discernible in all his actions ; but for all that, there is no reason why his expedition to Buda should have been dictated by sordid motives. The cause of this fatal direction of the campaign may be found in the fact, that Görgey, whom Kossuth intended to place at the head of the war department, was unwilling to leave the army without crowning his merit by the conquest of Buda. He was aware that this feat of arms, grand and heroic, if not in its consequences, at least in the *manner* of its execution, would stamp itself into the hearts of the Hungarian people ; that the old traditional glory of Buda would henceforward be his glory, and that the storming of her heights would eventually conduct him nearer to the goal he aimed at. That goal was, probably even then, the dictatorship of Hungary.'—Vol. i. p. 4.

The want of cordial co-operation was early and bitterly felt. Görgey, Bem, Dembinski, and others, affected independence of each other, and refused to take their instructions from the executive. This state of things led to the retirement of M. Meszaros from the war department, who was succeeded by General Klapka, whose shrewd sense and military knowledge soon detected the causes which obstructed the national triumph. He tells us,

'The ambition of some of the chiefs prevented the co-operation of our forces and the concentration of our resources. In many cases the orders of the War Office were disregarded. In others, the generals flatly refused to obey. Bem, though a general of undoubted merit, took the lead among the independent chiefs. He scarcely ever wrote to the War Office, disregarded its instructions, and corresponded only with Kossuth. It was to Kossuth he applied, and from whom he received money and stores. But in the case of Bem there was some excuse for this refractory spirit, for his successes were a splendid justification of his actions ; while others, such as Perczel, had no plea whatever to advance in defence of their mutinous behaviour. The army in Upper Hungary was commanded by Dembinski, an old general of tried military capacity, who protested against the commands of the War Office. He declared that he would rather resign his command than submit to have his well-matured plans interfered with ; and as for Görgey, he manœuvred on the Upper Danube in a state of perfect independence from the Government, and even from Kossuth.'—*Ib.* p. 18.

The movements of Görgey were soon regarded with suspicion, which was evidently not without foundation. General Klapka was disinclined to entertain them, yet even he was sometimes perplexed by what he witnessed. So early as May 1849, he tells us that another general expressed to him serious doubts of Görgey's honesty, and he adds, 'though I could not altogether sympathize with Nagy Shandor's apprehensions, I could not blind myself to the fact of a serious and dangerous dissension. Every one of Görgey's remarks on Kossuth betrayed an intensity

of hatred which appalled me. 'I feared for the future, and resolved to strain every nerve to effect a reconciliation between the two men in whose hands Providence had placed the fate of the nation.' Ambition rather than treachery appears to us to have been his primary sin. He sought to be the dictator of Hungary, but overshadowed by the purer patriotism and superior administrative talents of Kossuth, his hatred of the latter led to one of the darkest deeds recorded in history. It was after the irruption of the Russians, when ominous clouds were gathering about Hungary, that General Klapka, at the close of an anxious consultation, was requested by Csanyi, one of the Ministers, to follow him into another apartment. What ensued is thus related:—

'Csanyi's was among the loftiest and purest characters of the Hungarian revolution. He was sincerely attached to Görgey, whom he loved as his own son. When we were alone, he pressed my hand, a tear of agony rolled over his haggard cheeks, and with a voice trembling with emotion, he told me that he saw the country faltering on the brink of an abyss. Salvation was still within our reach, if Görgey would consult his heart as well as his head; if he could but break the charm which bound him to a man who was his evil genius, and who sought to estrange him from his country's interest, and the affection of his friends.

"As for me," continued Csanyi, "I am old. I have nothing to lose! If Pesth is again given up, I shall again be the last who leaves it. Perhaps I'll go to Szegedin, and even to Arad; but beyond Arad I will not go. I am too old to be an exile. I do not care what will happen to me,—it is the thought of my country which harrows my soul!"

I replied that I could not altogether sympathize with the extent of his apprehensions, but that I too had, for some time past, been struck with, and that I denounced, the fatal influence of those who surrounded Görgey. I protested, that if Colonel Bayer, and some other persons, were removed from that General's side, there would be no obstacle to his complete and sincere reconciliation with the Government.

Csanyi wrote a few touching lines to Görgey, reminding him of the duty he owed to the nation, and entreating him not to allow any evil influence to prevail to such an extent as to sever him from that firmness of faith and unity which alone could preserve the country. At a later time, when Görgey left Komorn, Csanyi's letter was found on the floor of his apartment, with other papers and documents of minor importance.

'As for Csanyi, that high-souled man, and generous patriot, he died on the gallows on the 8th October, 1849, but a thousand yards from the spot where he spoke and wrote words of such lofty tenderness and devoted affection.'—*Ib.* p. 156.

Our author's apprehensions were confirmed in July, by the resolution which Görgey avowed, to separate himself and his

army from the Government. 'Up to this day,' he says, 'I had had but vague misgivings as to Görgey's intentions. But his conduct in the present instance stamped my suspicions with certainty. The obstinacy with which he defended his own adventurous plan against the advantages of a well-grounded operation, proved to me that he was resolved, at any price, to separate his own sphere of action from those of the rest of our forces, and to withdraw it from the influence of the Government.'

The catastrophe might possibly have been averted—at least our author thinks so—if Kossuth had visited the army, even so late as July. The influence of this extraordinary man was marvellous; even the rude soldiery of an ambitious and treacherous general would probably have yielded to it.

'Görgey,' says General Klapka, 'was, indeed, a favourite with the troops, but their affection for him was by no means equal to Kossuth's authority. Görgey could not have dared to confront the Governor of the Commonwealth, and to refuse to obey his orders. He would have been compelled, at least seemingly, to comply with Kossuth's commands; for such was the power of that extraordinary man, that his appearance gained him all hearts, and the generals who refused to listen to my voice, could not have resisted the imposing severity of his attitude, and the energy and persuasion of his words;—the troops, their enthusiasm once inflamed, would have regained courage and confidence for the impending struggle. Victory would have crowned our endeavours. But Kossuth wanted the energy; or the anxious friends who surrounded him prevented him from taking the only step which would lead to salvation.'—*Ibid.* pp. 189, 190.

The two men were in some important respects the opposite of each other. Görgey's calculations were those of a soldier, Kossuth's those of a politician. The one counted his battalions, the other reckoned on the justice of his cause. Physical power was the weapon of the former, moral force that of the other. The General despised the people, while the Statesman relied on their fidelity and zeal, as that which might yet save his country in the hour of its greatest peril. 'Death from the enemy's hands,' said the illustrious patriot, 'is honourable; but if we fall by our own hands, it is a national suicide.' Would that the soldier had been worthy of his chief! Had he been so, his children would not have received the heritage of shame which now awaits them, nor would the noblest of modern patriots be indebted for his life to a sovereign of the Musselman faith. Kossuth's last letter to General Klapka breathed confidence and hope. 'It excited a joyful sensation among the troops. His own glow of enthusiasm pervaded this letter; it was fraught with that mysterious power which enabled him, in spite of misfortunes and wretchedness, to instil fresh courage and fresh hopes into the hearts of his country-

men ; it breathed that devotion to the sacred cause of our country, that conviction of their ultimate success, which alone could nerve him against so fearful an array of dangers.' In the mean time, however, the treachery of Görgey was proceeding to its consummation. It was his policy to alienate the army from the Government, and in this he was too successful. He refused to obey, and insisted on the command, and nothing, therefore, remained to Kossuth, but to appeal to his better nature, and to make way for his dictatorship. The armies of Austria and Russia were in the field, and the only hope of resisting them was in the integrity and skill of Görgey. 'I have adjured him,' said the retiring statesman, 'to be a patriot, and to remain faithful to his country—and—I have made way for him. At present I am a citizen—neither more nor less.' The explanatory address which Kossuth issued to the nation was brief, direct, and earnest,—the manly speech of one of the noblest patriots known to history. It deserves to be had in everlasting remembrance, and in future times will be referred to as a signal illustration of the best qualities of a popular statesman.

'After the unfortunate battles,' he says, 'wherewith God, in these latter days, has visited our people, we have no hope of our successful continuance of the defence against the allied forces of Russia and Austria. Under such circumstances, the salvation of the national existence, and the protection of its fortune, lies in the hands of the leaders of the army. It is my firm conviction that the continuance of the present Government would not only prove useless, but also injurious to the nation. Acting upon this conviction, I proclaim, that—moved by those patriotic feelings which, throughout the course of my life, have impelled me to devote all my thoughts to the country—I, and with me the whole of the Cabinet, resign the guidance of the public affairs; and that the supreme civil and military power is herewith conferred on the General Arthur Görgey, until the nation, making use of its right, shall have disposed that power according to its will. I expect of the said General Görgey—and I make him responsible to God, the nation, and to history—that, according to the best of his ability, he will use this supreme power for the salvation of the national and political independence of our poor country and of its future. May he love his country with that disinterested love which I bear it! May his endeavours to reconquer the independence and happiness of the nation be crowned with greater success than mine were!

'I have it no longer in my power to assist the country by actions. If my death can benefit it, I will gladly sacrifice my life. May the God of justice and of mercy watch over my poor people!'—Vol. ii. pp. 24, 25.

On the 13th of August, Görgey, with an army of from 30,000 to 40,000 men, made an *unconditional surrender*, and the Hungarian struggle was thereby virtually closed. The duplicity subse-

quently practised by the Austrians, the murders inflicted, and the measures taken to complete their success, need not be dwelt on. They constitute one of the most revolting chapters of modern history, and have for ever interposed an impassable gulf between Hungary and the House of Hapsburg. May a brighter day speedily dawn on the Magyars! is the prayer with which we turn from these 'Memoirs' of their heroic, though unsuccessful struggle. To such of our readers as are interested in their tale, we strongly recommend General Klapka's volumes.

ART. IX.—1. *A Bill to make better Provision for the Interment of the Dead in and near the Metropolis (prepared and brought in by Sir George Grey, and Lord Seymour). Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 15th April, 1850.*

2. *Metropolitan Interments Bill. Address of the Central Committee appointed to watch its Progress.*

3. *The Nonconformist, May 15th, 1850.*

ONE of the most deplorable facts affecting monopoly and public abuses, is, that in addition to their present mischiefs, they mortgage the interests and rights of posterity. By mere lapse of time, the most flagrant wrong becomes prescriptive right. Error and hypocrisy are mistaken for truth when they are invested with its perpetuity; and the injustice which was at first planted as a slip, or sown while men slept, strikes its roots in time amidst the foundations of society, till, at length, it cannot be eradicated without an upheaving of the whole soil, and a convulsion which endangers the entire fabric. If all history did not furnish a continuous demonstration of this principle, the recent legislation of this country would sufficiently confirm it. The history of the corn monopoly supplies one of many illustrations. Anything more inequitable than the protection of the agricultural to the prejudice of all other interests it would be difficult to conceive, nor is the wickedness less flagrant of raising a revenue by taxing the most elementary article of human food—a revenue to which the proportionate contribution of the poorest classes is enormously and almost indefinitely greater than that of the richest. The state of commerce, and of public feeling, concurring with the temporary pressure of scarcity, precipitated the fall of this odious impost. But this has been effected at the cost of an excited opposition, which, amidst a less sober and well-regulated community, would

have kindled the flames of civil war. At this moment, peers of the realm can hardly refrain themselves from seditious language, and preside at meetings, whose proceedings are little less than treasonable.

Nor is the remedy of a social abuse of long standing, a much easier and more peaceful process than the dissipation of a monopoly. Of this, the more immediate subject of this article supplies us with a ready example. The mal-practices connected with the interment of the dead have been of two kinds—that which recent disclosures have made the most impressive on the popular mind, may here take the precedence. We refer to the situation and the tenure of our places of public burial. As to the former of these, all condemnation of the modern and unnatural practice of interring the multitudinous dead in the midst of the still more multitudinous living, has become unemphatic after the unanimously declared opinions of the press and the people of England. It is alike inconsistent with public health and public decency. It violates, and ultimately destroys, all the instinctive respect of our nature for the memory and remains of the dead, and obtrudes a sense of unsuitableness and vulgarity upon the most sacred feelings of tenderness and friendship. That any class should rise up to protect such a system, is a public scandal and offence.

But the tenure of these sites of public sepulture is not much more justifiable than their use, or rather abuse.

‘It is to ecclesiastics,’ says Mr. Carvell Williams, in an able analysis of the Interments Bill, ‘that we owe the introduction of the unwholesome and disgusting practice of burying the dead in and around our places of worship, and but small thanks will be due to them if we at length rid ourselves of the nuisance. The old Roman law allowed of none but extramural burials; the practice being broken in upon only at the instance of monks and priests, “for their greater ease and profit” in praying for the souls of the departed. “By subtile imagination,” says the statute, “and by art and engine, some religious persons, parsons, vicars, and other spiritual persons, have entered in divers lands and tenements which be adjoining to their churches, and of the same, by sufferance and assent of the tenants, *have made church-yards*, and, by bulls of the Bishop of Rome, have dedicated and hallowed the same, and in them do make continually parochial burying.” The ecclesiastics of the present day eschew the superstitious pretext, but insist on the retention of the profitable practice, or a bonus for the loss of it.’—*Nonconformist, May 15th.*

In indicating a second abuse attaching to the interment of the dead, we referred to the circumstantial mode in which it is performed. And here, as we are not discussing a mere disputable matter of taste, we will briefly lay down one or two principles which may well be borne in mind in the agitation of

this question. Judging from the prevalent habits of our countrymen, it seems necessary (strange as it may appear) to insist upon the truth, that death is the punishment of sin—the lasting, ineffaceable brand of forfeited innocence and Divine displeasure—the humiliating penalty that, extending indiscriminately over the virtuous and the vile, and reigning even ‘over those who have not sinned according to the similitude of Adam’s transgression,’ most abases the pride and degrades the dignity of man. Viewed in this light, how humble should be the obsequies with which we bow to this awful catastrophe! How shockingly misplaced is the pride of station, and the pomp and circumstance of wealth, amidst those rites which constitute the standing memorial of our nothingness and our guilt! Pageantry and splendour, at such a time, might well make angels weep the tears of pity, and the spirits of just men the tears of shame! Ostentatious grief is a solecism and a contradiction; but ostentatious obsequies are an insult to the majesty of the great offended Legislator, and abhorrent to every instinctive sentiment which sin has left comparatively untainted in the breast of man. A tender regard for the frame which was once animated by a good and gifted spirit, is one of the last emotions which passion can affect, or mental debasement can destroy. For devout men to carry a martyr to his burial, is a holy homage; and the purest feelings of our nature sympathize with the long train of the great and the good which attends the honoured remains of a Wilberforce and a Hall to the place of their last repose. But, in proportion to the strength and purity of these emotions, is the disgust which must be felt, by every enlightened and Christian mind, at the gorgeous obsequies performed by those who, unhappily, control the aping vulgar by their example. The lying in state, the lighted tapers, the sickened parade of the lead and mahogany, the satin and the velvet, the coronet and the escutcheon—all this is deplorable heathenism. It indicates what it dares not declare—that he who was but yesterday a poor trembling sinner, and perhaps not even that, must, when he is no more, retain ‘the lust of the eye and the pride of life,’ and enter the awful presence in his tawdry robes, with his train borne to the barrier of the unseen state by pompous relatives and bedizened sycophants. A more deplorable exhibition of human folly than this the sun never shines on.

A late royal lady has, indeed, violated this revolting custom; and she did so from motives apparently religious. The Queen Dowager left instructions in her will, that the ordinary state of royal funerals should be dispensed with on the occasion of her interment; assigning, as her reason, her belief that in the sight of God she was in no wise superior to her fellow-subjects at

large. Whatever may be thought of the wisdom of this testamentary request, the universal praise bestowed upon the motive expressed in the above most superfluous truism forms a subject for very pensive reflection.

Unhappily, the pernicious example of the great has been followed, in gradually diminishing degrees of vain and tasteless ostentation throughout the inferior ranks of society, until the expense of funerals has become the subject of universal complaint. It is true that the abuse has not been compulsory; but it has been truly remarked that, while no absolute monopoly has been enjoyed, the caterers to this detestable vanity can only pretend to a competition for a virtual monopoly. The orders for the obsequies of the dead are necessarily given by those whose feelings will not allow of more than a general direction, still less of the rigid taxing of a bill. Hence, the expenses of a funeral are often cruelly oppressive to a surviving family; and the position in which they, perhaps unexpectedly, find themselves, is rendered more disastrous by their own false and thoughtless notions of respectability on the one part, and the watchful rapacity of tradesmen on the other. That this abuse should be remedied, all but the parties immediately interested will admit. The project of the Government for this purpose we shall presently examine.

We have spoken of the reptile vitality of monopolies, but we know of none so tenaciously obstinate as an Established Church. Its ramifications extend into every social and commercial interest; insomuch, that there is scarcely a reform projected, in any department of our administration, which is not impeded and barred by the hierarchy. It is, indeed, the universal nuisance; and haunts and clogs the enlightened reformer at every stage of his career, and every hour of his life. In the abolition of the corn-laws—a purely commercial reform, based on the simplest principles of equity—the clergy were found to be the most bitter opponents of the Free-trade party; and, now that that measure has been carried, the Protectionists begin to feel the oppressive influence of the Established Church, and invest their appeals with no little show of justice, by urging that the Tithe Commutation Act was bound upon the agricultural interest, on a valuation of wheat at fifty-six shillings a quarter. Indeed, it is a patent and notorious fact that (to go no further back than the last fifty years) the Established Church of England has been the grand obstacle in the way of education, freedom, and progress, whether civil or religious.

This was to be expected. Bible Societies, Sunday School Unions, and Home Missions, are so essentially destructive of the stereotyped heresies of the Anglican Church, that its oppo-

sition to such institutions in their infancy, is as natural as its adoption of similar organizations when success has made resistance ridiculous. But we venture to say, that none of the anti-christian and anti-social movements of the Anglican Church ever exhibited an aspect of such barefaced impudence as characterises the bill now before us.

We proceed to notice some of its most objectionable clauses; and, in doing so, we most explicitly *disown the slightest opposition to its fundamental design—the abolition of intramural interments*. On the contrary, we rejoice that a popular agitation has been brought to bear so powerfully on the Government, as to induce them to originate a measure for compelling the interment of the dead without the precincts of our crowded cities; and we only wonder and regret, that they should have confined the immediate operation of that measure to the metropolis. We say its immediate application, for it cannot be doubted that its provisions will speedily be extended to other towns; and this makes it only the more important that the unconstitutional powers, and the unjust privileges it confers, should be exposed, and urged upon the attention of the public. In doing this, it will be necessary to quote somewhat extensively the terms of the bill, and of some high authorities, directly bearing on the question. For this course, we hope that the urgent importance of the occasion, and the strict relevance, and perhaps, too, the novelty of these documents to the majority of our readers, will be a sufficient apology. We commence with the eighth clause of the bill, which refers to the consecration of burial-grounds and chapels, and is in the following terms:—

‘VIII. And be it enacted, That it shall be lawful for the said Board [of Health] to enclose and lay out the burial-grounds provided under this Act, in such manner, and to erect and make therein such buildings and other works, as may appear to them fitting and proper, and to build in every such burial-ground a chapel for the performance of service according to the rites of the United Church of England and Ireland, or to enlarge any chapel already built (where there may be any chapel already built, and consecrated according to the rites of the said United Church, in any cemetery purchased under this Act); and *every chapel to be built or enlarged as aforesaid shall be so built or enlarged according to a plan approved of by the Lord Bishop of London*; and every such chapel and every burial-ground, provided under this Act, except such portion thereof as may not be intended to be used for the burial of the dead according to the rites of the said United Church, may be consecrated by the said bishop; *and every chapel consecrated according to the rites of the said United Church in any burial-ground provided under this Act (although the same be not locally situate within his diocese) shall be subject to the jurisdiction of the said bishop*, and the service to be performed in the burial of the dead in the portion con-

secrated according to the rites of the said United Church, of every burial-ground provided under this Act, shall be according to the rites of such Church.'

From this the reader will perceive that, not only the expensive blessing of consecration is to be secured in every one of the projected cemeteries, but that, consequently, in all such grounds and chapels, none but the episcopal clergy can officiate, and that these services only can be obtained by the payment of a fee—an arrangement never referred to in the case of Dissenting ministers, whose very existence this bill consistently ignores.

But it appears that that department of the government, which seems now to have been regularly constituted under the name of a Board of Health, is to be invested not only with commercial functions, but with the still more abnormal privileges of a spiritual college; for, by the next clause, the following singular provision is made:—

'IX. And be it enacted, That the said Board shall from time to time appoint so many clerks in holy orders as they may think necessary, to be chaplains, to officiate in the burial-grounds provided under this Act, and *such chaplains shall be licensed by and subject to the jurisdiction of the said bishop, and such license shall be revocable by the said bishop when he thinks fit*; and the said Board may assign to such chaplains such duties in relation to the performance of the Burial Service in the portions consecrated as aforesaid of the burial-grounds provided under this Act as the said Board may from time to time think fit; and the said Board shall have power *to remove such chaplains*; and one of such chaplains, or, in the absence of all such chaplains, such clerk in holy orders authorized to officiate within the diocese of London, as the said Board may in this behalf authorize, shall perform the Burial Service over the bodies brought to be buried in the portion consecrated as aforesaid of any burial-ground provided under this Act which are entitled to be buried therein, except in those cases in which the incumbent of the parish from which such body is brought, or his curate, shall perform such Burial Service: Provided always, that, subject to the rights of such incumbent, the said Board may, upon the request of the persons having the care of any funeral, authorize any other clerk in holy orders, not prohibited by the said bishop, nor under ecclesiastical censure, to perform such service.'

It is remarkable that even a Whig administration, which is rightly regarded as the immemorial fountain of jobs, should either itself grasp at such enormous patronage as is portended by these clauses, or should allow to others so rich a share of that privilege, knowing, as they must, from their own beatific experience, what *occulta spolia*, what an unmapped California of peculation and corruption, it inevitably involves. It would be invidious to analyze the composition of the present Board of

Health, but if they are to exert the powers of ecclesiastical patronage, it becomes material to inquire whether they themselves are Christian men, or, rather, whether there are not among them professed disbelievers in the Christian religion. This question it is not for us to determine ; but, perhaps, we are not out-stepping the bounds of charity, if, following the example of Lord Eldon, we declare that *we have our doubts*. But this is not the limit of the enormous patronage which is sought to be conferred by this bill. Not to multiply quotations from it, we will present to our readers the words of that singularly able document which has been issued by the Central Committee appointed to watch this bill. It exhibits so radically false a system of political economy, and such gross inconsistency, as proceeding from a liberal and free-trade government, that we cannot believe that the House of Commons will insult the country, by stamping it with their sanction, and passing it to the Upper House. It will 'scarcely be credited,' says the address,

'but it is strictly true, that by this Bill the Imperial Government of a great kingdom actually proposes to usurp, among other things equally objectionable, the office of mutes, sextons, and professional pall-bearers ; and to exercise the trade of jobbing undertakers, bound by a tariff of sepulchral prices, fixing a sliding-scale of grief, and adjusting the honours of the dead by a table of mourning fees. Nor, while the Board of Health proposes to appropriate the fair gains of private speculation, does it accept the alternative of abiding by its risks. If trade is dull, or profits have been miscalculated, it reserves the right of falling back upon the poor-rates to make up its deficiencies. By its simple fiat, without the consent either of the people or their representatives, it asks at the hands of the legislature a faculty to require payment of a funeral rate from any parish on which it chooses to fix ; and in case of neglect to comply with, or actual resistance to, its absolute will, it takes power to sell up the churchwardens and overseers, and to issue a bull to a justice of the peace to grant a warrant for distraining, if necessary, upon the whole of the parishioners. To seize upon all or any of the cemeteries or churchyards it may happen to fancy, to pay for them what price it and the proprietors please, to levy the price from the public, to fix its own fees of burial, and regulate sepulture by its own methods, as yet unknown not only to the community, but even to the Board, to claim the power of jobbing with the shareholders of burial-grounds unconscious of a dividend and despairing of profits, are conclusions which this Bill arrives at with the least possible attempt at circumlocution. Nor is there any of the constitutional squeamishness with regard to the respect to individual or private rights exhibited in the delegation of powers to this Board of Health, which has established itself almost as an axiom in British legislation. Any man's land may be seized, the privacies or privileges of any neighbourhood may be invaded, the vested interests of property may be defied, the amenities of situation may be destroyed at the pleasure of the

Board; who may establish dead-houses where they choose, and distribute mortuary receptacles at their pleasure. From the absolute sway of this proposed tribunal there is no escape. To establish rival repositories of sepulture within the territory of its autocracy, is expressly declared by the Bill to be a misdemeanour; and having, by the exhaustion of all other alternatives, driven the whole community under its sway, it leaves its own powers undefined, and establishes its own authority beyond limit and without restriction. No tariff of prices, no table of fees, no taxation of charges, is anywhere provided for. However extravagant may be the management, however profuse the expenditure, however injudicious the contracts, or lavish the speculations of the Board, the fees levied on the public must be squared with the irresponsible disbursements and the *ad libitum* outlay. The community are permitted to bury their dead nowhere but in the cemeteries of the Board, while no alternative is left but that of carrying the custom thither; the public must pay what the Commissioners choose to exact, without remonstrance, remedy, taxation, or appeal, however high the rates, or however disproportioned, either to existing costs, or to the means of the people.'

In connexion with this, let it be distinctly understood, that the whole of the expenses of the burial-grounds, including salaries and compensation, are to be defrayed out of the fees received under the Bill; and in the event of their being insufficient, the Board of Health, without the consent of the parishes, are empowered to levy a rate, not to exceed one penny in the pound per annum, the amount to be paid out of the poor-rate.

We now come to that clause of the Bill which most imperatively challenges the opposition of all the friends of religious liberty throughout the British empire, and we repeat our declaration, that a more impudent proposal than that contained in the 29th section, has not been made to the legislature during the past century. We will extract the commencing portion of the clause; only premising that there is nothing in the remaining part of it, which, in the slightest degree, alters its reference,—that portion of it being solely devoted to unimportant details. It is as follows:—

'XXIX. And be it enacted, That for compensating incumbents and others for the loss of fees and sums now received in respect of interments, the said Board shall ascertain the yearly average during the *five* years ending on the day from which interment is discontinued in any parish, in pursuance of any order under this Act, of the fees and sums received by the incumbent of such parish in respect of interments in the church and burial-ground of such parish, and (under any Act of Parliament or otherwise) of interments in any cemetery of bodies removed from such parish, and also the yearly average during the same period of the fees or payments received in respect of such interments as aforesaid, by the clerk and sexton of such parish; and there shall be

paid to the incumbent for the time being of such parish by the said Board, out of the monies to be received under this Act, a perpetual annuity of such amount as may appear to the said Board to be a just compensation for such average receipts as aforesaid of the incumbent of such parish, having regard to the duties, and payment (if any) in respect of duties, from which the incumbent of such parish is relieved by the discontinuance of interment; and there shall be paid to any person who is, at the time of the passing of this Act, and on the day from which interment is discontinued as aforesaid continues to be, clerk or sexton of such parish, and so long only as he continues to be such clerk or sexton, an annuity of such amount as may appear to the said Board to be a just compensation for such average receipts as aforesaid of the clerk or sexton respectively of such parish, having regard to the duties, and payment (if any) in respect of duties, from which such clerk or sexton respectively is relieved by the discontinuance of interment.'

We arrive at the grand central iniquity of this clause by passing through a few minor meannesses which demand a cursory notice. For example, while it is proposed to give to the clergyman compensation for the loss of burial-fees, in the form of a perpetual annuity, the compensation of the clerk and sexton is an annuity terminating with the life of the individual. Again, by a subsequent part of the 29th clause, it is provided that, were the Board of Health (who, by the 26th clause, constitute themselves a firm of undertakers) to provide employment for any sexton who would be entitled to the annuity, the wages given for such employment is to be set against the amount of the annuity, so that no annuity whatever is to be paid, if the wages of labour amount annually to an equal sum. The equity of this provision is obvious; but it is disgusting to observe that this principle is not made applicable to the clergy, but restricted to the subordinate functionaries. The only proviso which at all corresponds to it, is found in the 31st clause, which enacts, that it shall be *lawful* for the Commissioners of the Treasury, with the *approbation of the Bishop of London*, to reduce the annuity to the clergyman when the incumbency of any parish becomes vacant, if considering the duties of the incumbent, and the value of the living, they may deem it expedient to do so. This is certainly the most harmless portion of the Bill, as there is not the slightest danger of any use being made of the powers it confers. Such a restitution to the public, on the part of the Bishop of London, would be a fatal omen. It would resemble Judas Iscariot's contribution of the thirty pieces of silver to the treasury; and portending a speedy vacancy at Fulham, would probably suggest the words, 'his bishopric let another take.'

But we must devote the remainder of this article to the consideration of the *main* ecclesiastical injustice proposed by the Bill, namely, the compensation, by a perpetual annuity, to the

future incumbents of parishes for the loss sustained by the present incumbent in respect of burial-fees. And, before presenting to our readers the law upon this subject, which we trust will, of itself, and apart from all considerations of justice, suffice to explode the obnoxious clauses from the Bill, we will offer one or two suggestions. The first is, that the capacity of church-yards to receive corpses, has, in the nature of things, a limit; and consequently a time must come, when, apart from any legislative enactment, interments must cease as a matter of course. Where, then, is the propriety of a perpetual compensation for a temporary and terminable loss? Secondly, in many of the metropolitan places of interment, that limit has been evidently reached. The church-yard is literally full, and not another corpse can be interred in it without exposing the remains of the dead and poisoning the atmosphere with pestilential miasmata. In such a case, to award compensation for the closing of the burial-ground is as absurd as it would be to compensate a country parson for a day's rain on his hay or the fly in his turnips; and thirdly, it is an established and necessary principle that all nuisances, injurious to the health of the community, must be stopped and removed—and that without compensation, or any regard to vested interests. Why should over-crowded burying-grounds constitute an exception, when the history of the late visitation of cholera establishes the fact, that they constitute the very centre and nidus of the contagion—insomuch that the opposition of the clergy to their disuse, might seem to be dictated by the knowledge that their insalubrious condition so largely multiplies the burial-fees?

We now come to the legal trial of the claim to compensation, whether for the life of an incumbent, or in perpetuity; and the first witness we shall call is John Milton. His testimony is as follows:—

‘ And because I affirmed above, beginning the first part of my discourse, that God hath given to ministers of the gospel that maintenance only which is justly given them; let us see a little what hath been thought of that other maintenance, besides tithes, which, of all Protestants, our English divines, either only, or most apparently, both require and take. Those are fees for christenings, marriages, and burials; which though, whoso will, may give freely; *yet being not of right, but of free gift—if they be exacted or established, they become unjust to them who are otherwise maintained; and of such evil note, that even the council of Trent* (l. 2, p. 240), *makes them liable to the laws against simony, who take or demand fees for the administering of any sacrament:* and in the next page, with like severity, condemns the giving or taking for a benefice, and the celebrating of marriages, christenings, and burials, for fees exacted or demanded; nor counts it less simony to sell the ground or place of burial. And, in a State Assembly at Orleans, 1561, it was decreed,

“that nothing should be exacted for the administering of sacraments, burials, or any other spiritual function.” Thus much that council—of all others the most Popish—and this Assembly of Papists, though by their own principles, in bondage to the clergy, were induced, either by their own reason and shame, or by the light of reformation, then shining in upon them, or rather by the known canons of many councils and synods long before, to condemn of simony spiritual fees demanded. For if the minister be maintained for his whole ministry, why should he be twice paid for any part thereof? Why should he, like a servant, seek vails over and above his wages?

‘Burials and marriages are so little to be any part of their gain, that they who consider well, may find them to be no part of their function. At burials, their attendance they allege on the corpse; all the guests do as much unhired.—But their prayers at the grave? Superstitiously required;—yet, if required, their last performance to the deceased of their own flock.—But the funeral sermon? At their choice—or if not, an occasion offered to them to preach out of season, which is one part of their office. But something must be spoken in praise?—If due, their duty;—if undue, their corruption—a peculiar simony of our divines in England only. But the ground is broken [for the grave] and especially their unrighteous possession, the chancel? To sell that [to wit, by taking a fee] will not only raise up in judgment the Council of Trent against them, but will lose them the best champion of tithes, their zealous antiquary, Sir Henry Spelman, *who, in a book written to that purpose, by many cited canons, and some even of times corruptest in the Church, proves that fees exacted or demanded for sacraments, marriages, burials, and especially for interring, are wicked, accursed, simoniacal, and abominable.* Yet thus is the Church, for all this noise of reformation, left still unreformed,—by the censure of their own synods, their own favourers, a den of “thieves and robbers.”’—*Milton on Tithes and Minister’s Maintenance.*

But not only are these claims opposed to equity, and to the decisions of ecclesiastical councils, but they are equally in violation of the law of the land. In demonstration of this, we have selected three from a number of cases before us—taking them from legal reports of the highest authority; and, as these important decisions are utterly condemnatory of the principle involved in the 29th clause of the bill, and, indeed, conclusive against it, we shall insert them entire, and invite to them the special attention of our readers. The first case is taken from ‘Willes’s Reports,’ p. 536, and bears date the 18th of George II. The question was, whether the sum of 3s. 4d., claimed by Edward Vernon, rector of St. George’s, Bloomsbury, for the burial of A. Micklebrough, was due to him; and Mr. Justice Abney, in delivering the judgment of the court against the rector’s claim, lays down the following principles:—

‘It is most notorious and certain, that all burials by the Roman laws were prohibited not only within temples, but even in cities and large

towns; and by the very words of the law of the Twelve Tables—“*Hominem mortuum intra urbem ne sepulite.*” And this prohibition was founded on a prudent state policy, to prevent infection; and it is well known, that the poorer sorts in great parts of the kingdom are buried in shrouds, without coffins, to this day.

‘But when Popery grew to its height, and blind superstition had weakened and enervated the laity, and emboldened the clergy to pillage the laity—then, in the time of Pope Gregory I. (*vide* 1 Gibson, Cod. 544), and soon after, other canons were made, that bishops, abbots, priests, and faithful laymen, were permitted the honour of burial in the church itself, and all other parishioners in the churchyard—on a pretence that their relations and friends, on the frequent view of their sepulchres, would be moved to pray for the good of the departed souls.

‘And as the parish priest, by the canon, was the sole judge of the merits of the dead, and the fitness of burial in the church, and he would only determine who was a faithful layman, they only were judged faithful whose executor came up to the price of the priest, and they only were allowed burial in the church, and the poorer sort were buried in the churchyard. But in neither case was any fee claimed, or pretended to be due, for the celebration of the office. But, in the first case, as the church was the rector’s freehold, the payment was made in consideration of breaking the ground and floor, and the sum was contracted for; and, in the latter case, some small voluntary oblation was frequently made, and which, by length of time, has grown up in many parishes into a customary payment; and yet Lyndwood (lib. 5, tit. 2, fol. 278) condemns it as *simony*.

‘This affair of burial soon growing very profitable, a new canon was made (*vide* 1 Gibson, 543), That no person was to be buried out of his parish without the consent of, or till the oblation was paid to, the parochial minister. But it is worth while to observe that none of these canons are in force here at this day; and I think, the only canon now admitted and received by our laws relating to this question, is the canon lxviii. of the Canons 1603, which is in these words:—“No minister shall refuse or delay to bury a corpse that is brought to the church or churchyard, on convenient notice given him thereof before.” And this seems a kind of transcript of the old laws—“*Jus sepulturæ vel sacramenta ecclesiæ nullo denegentur ob defectum pecuniæ*” (Lyndwood, p. 278).

‘And the burial of the dead is (as I apprehend), the clear duty of every parochial priest and minister; and if he neglect or refuse to perform the office, he may, by the express words of the canon lxviii., be suspended by the ordinary for three months. And if any temporal inconvenience arise as a nuisance from the neglect of interment of the dead corpse, he is punishable also by the temporal courts, by indictment or information.

‘It is worth observation, that no ancient or modern constitution or canon fixed, or pretended to fix, any fee either for sepulture or the burial office; and Lyndwood (*ut supra*) calls it *simony*. The truth is, the canons could not fix any fee; for Lord Holt, in Salk. 332, truly

says, that the canons cannot take any money out of the laymen's pockets. Thus much is sufficient for the first head—how sepulture stood at the canon law.

' Now, secondly, to consider how it stands by the common law. My brother Wynne attempted to prove that the burial-fee was the same as the corse present, or mortuary; and cited 21 H. 8, c. 6, to show that 3s. 4d. was the least sum by the statute paid for a mortuary. If he had been pleased to cite the preamble, he would see how the poor labourers and others were squeezed by the clergy. And Dr. Gibson does by no means like that statute (*vide* 2 Gibson, 748). But there is no colour to imagine, that a present made on the burial of the dead, which was a gift, by way of recompense, for subtracting personal tythes and offerings, a kind of commutation, is like to a burial-fee (*vide* 2 Inst. 491). And even in mortuaries, it is to be noted that they were not due by common right, but by custom only. The word "corse" is the same as "corpse." So that corse present, is a gift with the dead body. However this may be, this is most clear and certain, that by the common law of England, no fee is, or ever was, due for baptism or burial, which is *de jure*, or of common right; and where any fee is due, it must be by the custom of the particular parish or place, which customs, like all other customs (if controverted), is liable and determinable only in the king's temporal courts, by the king's temporal judges. To this purpose, I cite *Bordeaux v. Dr. Lancaster et al.* Hil., 9 W. III., Salk. 332.

The next case we will cite, is that on which Mr. Justice Abney has relied on the above decision. It is reported as follows:—

' In the case of *Bordeaux v. Dr. Lancaster et al.* (1 Salkeld's Reports, 332, Hil. 9 W. III. B.R.)—*Bordeaux*, a French Protestant, had his child baptized in the French church in the Savoy, and Dr. Lancaster, vicar of St. Martin's, in which parish it is, together with the clerk, rebelled against him for a fee of 2s. 6d. due to him, and 1s. for the church. A prohibition was moved for (in the court of King's Bench); and Leving urged, "this was an ecclesiastical due by the canon." Holt, Chief Justice: "Nothing can be due of common right, and how can a canon take money out of laymen's pockets?" Lyndwood says, "It is simony to take any thing for christening or burying, unless it be a fee due by custom;" but then, a custom for any person to take a fee for christening a child, when he does not christen him, is not good;—like the case in *Hobart*, when one dies in one parish and is buried in another, the parish where he died shall not have a burying-fee. If you have a right to christen, you should libel for *that*, but you ought not to have money for christening when you do not.'—*Cases B. R.* 171, S. C. Holt, 317.

We will only cite one other case.

' *Edward Topsall and others v. Ferrers* (*Hobart's Reports*, 175), Trin., 15 Jac. Rotul.—*Edward Topsall*, clerk, parson of St. Botolph's Without, Aldersgate, and the churchwardens of the same, libelled in

the Court Christian, against Sir John Ferrers, knight ; and alleged that there was a custom within the city of London, and especially within that parish, that, if any die within that parish, being man or woman, and he be carried out of the same parish, and buried elsewhere, that there ought to be paid to the parson of this parish, if he be buried elsewhere, in the chancel so much, and to the churchwarden so much, being the sums that they alleged were by custom payable unto them, for such as were buried in their own chancel ; and then, alleging that the wife of Sir John Ferrers died within the parish, and was carried away, and buried in the chancel of another church, and so demand of him the said sum. Whereupon Sir John Ferrers a prohibition was prayed by Sergeant Harris, and upon debate, it was granted (for this custom is against reason,) that he that is no parishioner, but may pass through the parish, or lie in an inn for a night, should be forced to be buried there, or to pay as if he were ; and so upon the matter to pay twice for his burial.'

By these decisions, the following points are established:—First, that one and the same principle applies to fees for christening, marriage, and burial ; so that decisions respecting either are cited as applicable to others. Secondly, that such fees are not obligatory either by ecclesiastical or civil law, but only by custom. Thirdly, that, whether such custom be good or invalid, is a matter triable at common law ; and that unreasonableness in such custom is in law a sufficient bar to all claims arising out of it. And, fourthly, the claim for a fee, in cases in which the service is not actually performed, is held in law to be unreasonable, and, consequently, such claim is unsupported even on the ground of custom ; and hence, the proposal to remunerate the clergy for the loss of burials—that is, for services not actually performed, is in direct hostility to the principles of the British law.

For ourselves, we trust far more to the legal objections which we have thus fully pointed out, for the defeat of the obnoxious clauses of the Metropolitan Interments Bill, than to any development of the iniquity and indecent rapacity by which those clauses are characterised. The whole bill looks very much like the joint production of one of the Sanitary Commissioners and the Bishop of London. It exhibits all the centralizing selfishness of the *doctrinaire*, and all the unsatiable greediness of the bishop. It is thought that these exorbitant demands have been made in the expectation of the taxing of the bill—that they have demanded a perpetual annuity, in the hope of obtaining one for the life of present incumbents. We hope they will get neither ; and that the people and the parliament of this country, observing that not the slightest compensation is proposed to ministers, trustees, or other functionaries, without the pale of the Church of England, will scout the claim with the contempt which such un-

blushing impudence deserves. The plundered have a proverbial consolation in the hope that the thieves may quarrel, and the honest may recover their own. It is hard that the British public should be denied this meagre comfort. It is intolerable that, when the public spoliators are waging a war to the knife, the plundered public should have their black-mail doubled. The only mitigation of our disgust lies in the fact that, while the Established Church meets us as a stolid obstacle in every path of moral, political, and spiritual progress, so every subject on which thinking men ponder, leads them, like Cato of old, to the monster evil. 'Delenda est Carthago!' THE STATE-CHURCH MUST BE DESTROYED!

Brief Notices.

Essays, Selected from Contributions to the Edinburgh Review. By Henry Rogers. Two Vols. 8vo. London: Longman and Co.

THESE volumes belong to a series which mark a new era in our literature. Until its appearance, few things were deemed more hazardous than the republication of articles from the periodical press; but the distinguished success which has been achieved in the case of Lord Jeffrey, Mr. Macaulay, the Rev. Sydney Smith, Sir James Mackintosh, and Sir James Stephen, has set a fashion, of which we are likely to have a goodly shoal of imitators. We have no objection to this. A vast mass of genuine scholarship, historical criticism, and sound philosophy, is scattered through our leading journals, which we shall be glad to see in a more accessible and permanent form. Some second-rate wares will, no doubt, be exposed for sale, but the public will be the gainers, and discriminating between the good and the bad, will retain the former, and suffer the latter to die out.

Mr. Rogers's volumes are worthy of the co-partnership in which they stand. Without the brilliancy and splendour which sometimes throw the philosophy of Macaulay into the shade, or the varied literary attractions of Jeffrey, they have qualities which will insure their life, and give them a high place in the estimation of thoughtful readers. The subjects chosen are varied and of great importance, and the mode in which they are treated, displays a well-disciplined, richly-furnished, and profound mind. The author is evidently equal to his themes. There is no appearance of effort, no pains-taking, no sign of poverty or of weariness. While the topics selected are in some cases amongst the

most profound that can engage human contemplation, the argument is conducted with admirable skill, and with a clearness, and occasionally with a dry humour, which at once enlarges the knowledge and rivets the attention of the reader. The crowning virtue of all is the religious element. Not that the papers are *distinctively* religious, but that they indicate a mind over which the religious influence is paramount; and are friendly—directly or otherwise—to the formation of those habits which indicate reverence for the truth of God.

The papers—sixteen in number—reprinted in these volumes, are partly biographical and critical, and partly theological and political. The former class embrace Thomas Fuller, the Church historian, Andrew Marvell, Luther, Leibnitz, Pascal, Socrates and Plato; while the latter present to us four most admirable papers, springing out of the Tractarian controversy, but having, in the principles they enunciate, a yet wider and more permanent bearing. The sixth and seventh papers in the second volume, entitled, 'Treatment of Criminals,' and 'Prevention of Crime,' give us least satisfaction.

We congratulate Mr. Rogers on the honourable position he has secured for himself in the world of letters; and deem it a happy omen that such a writer,—so competent to the gravest themes, and so alive to the highest interests of our race,—should have the opportunity, now possessed, of diffusing amongst the higher and middle classes of society the sound and healthful philosophy of a Christian scholar.

A Selection from the Papers of the late Dr. William Beilby, F.R.C.P.E.

Edited by William Innes. Edinburgh: William Innes. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

Luke, the beloved Physician. A Sermon. By Jonathan Watson. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox.

THE opinion prevails that our medical men are, as a class, signally irreligious. Few things are more common than the remark that the physician is an ungodly man. The popular presumption is against him in matters relating to divine truth. We confess, however, to a large amount of scepticism touching this presumption. Not that we believe the majority of medical practitioners to be Evangelical Christians. We do not believe this; but we do believe that quite as many of them are thus distinguished as of any other class of literary or scientific men. All other things being equal, we apprehend that the medical men of this country would be found to supply their fair proportion of sincere and earnest disciples of Jesus Christ. Take the 600 and odd members of the House of Commons, and compare them with the same number of the medical profession, and who can doubt that we should find quite as many godly physicians as godly statesmen! If we compare the godliness of the several classes of the community, we shall probably discover no great difference. But whatever be the relative irreligiousness of the medical profession, one thing is clear—that those members of it who have been religious have frequently been so in an eminent degree. We have often been struck with this. From Boerhaave to Abercrombie among those who are deceased, names occur to

us of men who were Israelites indeed. And from among the living we could name many who are pre-eminently men of God. This was the case with the late Dr. Beilby, the selection from whose papers, and the tribute to whose life and labours, by the pastors of the church of which he was deacon, we now heartily recommend. They are things to be thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. Watson's sermon presents a glowing but veritable idea of our departed friend. 'He could do nothing mean.' 'He possessed amazing vivacity and energy.' 'He had amassed great mental opulence.' 'His conversational powers were extraordinary.' 'A man at once unbending in integrity, uncompromising in principle, yet a model of suavity and gentleness.' 'Although he was intellectual and argumentative in a high degree, his reason lay prostrate before the mystery of mysteries—God manifest in the flesh.' 'O, how he used to delight himself in God.' 'Akin to his love to the Master was his love to the disciples.' 'Towards those who offended him he manifested a noble generosity and a forgiving spirit.' 'When at last he was obliged to yield to the pressure of disease, he surrendered himself to the Divine will with the utmost complacency.' 'Death was viewed with solemn awe, not with terror, for he had placed his eternal interests in the hands of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.' No wonder Mr. Watson thought of 'Luke the beloved Physician,' when he remembered Dr. Beilby. The comparison is legitimate and impressive, especially impressive as we think of them as being together before the throne.

Mr. Innes's volume contains a biographical sketch of Dr. Beilby, and a selection from the papers which he read occasionally at the meetings of the Church. The sketch is supplied in part by Mr. Innes, the senior pastor of the church; and in part by Dr. Wardlaw, Dr. Malan, and Mr. James, of Birmingham. It is a most interesting delineation of intelligent Christian character, communicating much instruction in the things of God. Our only regret is, that the sketch had not been more consecutively and richly filled up. It is good, but it might have been better.

Dr. Beilby's own papers are excellent. We have not room for extracts, or we would show how he was accustomed to counsel his brethren. He endeavoured to 'build up' the church with which he was associated, and thus presented an example which other church members of intelligence would do well to imitate. What help could any pastor desire so anxiously as that of brethren more or less resembling this beloved physician? And in what better way could such men employ their talents? Honourable as was his position when filling the Presidential Chair of the Royal College of Physicians, it was, at least, as honourable when he stood up in the meeting of the church to persuade his fellow-members to continue in the grace of God. We linger over the memory of this estimable man with delight. Our personal recollections of his sympathy and generosity are strong and grateful. We believe him to have been all that his biographers represent; and, though the biography is not well up to the mark, we shall rejoice if we prevail on our readers to examine and enjoy it for themselves. It would form an admirable present for that increasing

class of our medical students who, in our various metropolitan hospitals, are religiously disposed. Their acquaintance with the fact that a thorough Christian may be a thorough gentleman, and that intimate association with evangelical Dissenters is perfectly compatible with the attainment of the highest places of their profession, may help them to overcome the temptation of seeking their society among the fashionable, and of identifying themselves accordingly with the Established Church.

Jacob Abbott's Histories.—Mary Queen of Scots—Charles I. London: Simms and M'Intyre.

WE have long regretted the state of our juvenile historical literature. Our young people have been strangely left to gather their knowledge of the past from writers of defective views, or of unsound principles, and then, when the natural result is elicited, we express surprise. The effort of the advanced inquirer has been needed to correct the misconceptions and prejudices of his earlier life, and, in too many cases, this has been found practically impossible. Hitherto history has been written in the spirit of a blind conservatism, and, though a better temper now prevails, it has been mostly occupied in meeting the wants of the elder rather than of the younger class. Another generation must pass before our historical school-books are such as ought to be put into the hands of English youths.

With these views we were glad to hear that Jacob Abbott was about to produce a series of historical books adapted to juvenile readers, and the two small volumes now before us have fully realized our expectations, and go far to supply what was needed. They are eminently adapted to the class for which they are designed, are written in a simple, clear, and attractive style, are sound in their views, humane and Christian in their temper, and beautifully adapted to lead on the young inquirer to larger and more generous sympathies than are usually encouraged. On some points we differ from the author, but, were our differences far more serious than they are, we should yet esteem his publications amongst the most useful of the day, and should gladly welcome them to our family circle. We have seen the avidity with which they are read by young people; and can testify, from our own experience, that even elder persons may have their knowledge refreshed by them. The English edition of these 'Histories' is printed at sixpence each, which happily places them within the reach of all, and we confidently anticipate, therefore, a large and remunerative sale. No parent or guardian, no school-master or mistress, will discharge his or her duty without placing a copy of these volumes in the hands of their charge.

A Career in the Commons; or, Letters to a Young Member of Parliament. By William Lockey Harle. London: Longman and Co.

THE author of this volume intends to furnish budding senators with a guide for their footsteps; but we fear that the fate of all Mentors will befall him—his reverend, wise, wearisome words will be forgotten by

his 'young friends.' He goes over (we can scarcely say into) all the leading questions of the day with praiseworthy patience, and generally on what we should call right principles; but we cannot profess to have derived any great guidance, or impulse, or light, or anything but a great inclination to yawn, from his pages. If our young Senators are not further advanced in acquaintance with their duties than this book supposes, they are even worse than report says—if they know anything about them, they will scarcely have to call in the aid of Mr. Harle.

The Emperor Julian and his Generation: an Historical Picture. By Augustus Neander. Translated by G. V. Cox, M.A. London: Parker.

THIS very valuable picture of Julian the Apostate has all the characteristics of Neander's well-known historical style. The wide catholic spirit, the profound philosophy, the masses of learning, the thorough identification of himself with his subject, which make the 'Church History' a treasure, are found here. It needs no recommendation from us. We may simply say, that the translator has executed his task well, and sensibly kept himself out of sight. Possessors of the 'Church History,' by the same author, should be informed that much of this sketch has been worked up in it.

The Principles of Geology explained and viewed in their Relation to Revealed and Natural Religion. By Rev. David King, LL.D. With Notes by Professor Scouler. London: Johnstone and Hunter.

THE cast of Dr. King's mind fits him peculiarly for such a work as this—which is intended for intelligent, but non-scientific readers. He writes clearly and forcibly. His explanations are brief, but not superficial. Strong manly sense, a scientific spirit and a Christian heart, have been brought to the task, and the result is one of the most temperate volumes we know on the vexed subject. It avoids the extreme of geologists proper, and of theologians proper—neither aggravating the difficulties that the relation of revealed religion to geology is encumbered with, nor insisting that a perfectly satisfactory solution is arrived at; but contents itself with pointing to several possible explanations, showing what modifications of the popular interpretation of the Mosaic record are absolutely necessary—and protesting against dogmatism on either side.

On the Use and Abuse of Alcoholic Liquors in Health and Disease. Prize Essay. By W. B. Carpenter, M.D., &c. London: Charles Gilpin.

DR. CARPENTER'S medical testimony is of no small importance on this subject, and he gives it most unequivocally, and not less temperately than thoroughly, in favour of total abstinence. His course of argument is briefly this—all intoxication is poisoning in greater or less degree. From an immediately fatal case, down through the habitually excessive

use to the moderate man, it is only a question of the greater or less intensity of operation of the same agent. That agent, alcohol, is a poison—like other poisons, it should have a place in the ‘Pharmacopœia.’ We have no space to give any sketch of the thorough investigation of the *modus operandi* of alcohol on all the parts of the animal economy by which these conclusions are supported—nor of the large mass of facts with which Dr. Carpenter fortifies his positions. As a simple medical monograph for non-technical readers, this volume deserves the highest praise for its full, fundamental explanations, its precision, its clearness. It presents some of the best qualities of such books—but, looked at as an exposition of the physical consequences of the master form of sensualism in England, we feel that we cannot speak in sufficiently high terms of recommendation. We urge on all our readers to peruse the treatise. Temperate, moderate, conclusive, it is the best book on the subject we have seen, and one of the few prize essays which are worth the money given for them.

A Treatise on the Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening. By A. J. Downing. London: Longman and Co.

WE had not given the Americans credit for much progress in the art of rural embellishment, until this work, which is in its fourth edition, fell into our hands. Why, we can scarcely tell, but the idea of an American and that of a country gentleman appear somehow incompatible. Is it that *they* are too fast for what is proverbially a slow life? Is it that *they* are too eager in the cares and business of this world, to have time for relaxation? Be the excuse what it may, we have yet to learn to think with complacency of an American and a *cottage ornée*, or a wood-embowered country-house, at the same time. Yet this book ought to remove this impression; and, perhaps, it may, to a great extent. It says much for the growth of public taste in America, and develops clearly the principles upon which taste, in the matter of country seats and grounds, should expend itself. It appears to have met with favour on the other side of the Atlantic. It treats of the art of landscape-gardening, historically, philosophically, and practically. It tells us how to plant trees after the ‘graceful school,’ and how according to the ‘picturesque school.’ It also informs us how water ought to be dealt with; and how to make wonderfully natural artificialities, in the shape of ponds and lakes. There are a few pages upon the subject of brooks, rivulets, and artificial cataracts. The last section treats of embellishments generally—such as pavilions, rustic seats, prospect towers, bridges, rockwork, and fountains. All these subjects, and more that might be mentioned, are treated tastefully and with judgment; and we should imagine that much useful matter will be here met with, by any of our readers who are in a position to require it. There are a number of illustrations on wood; some of which are useful, and others curious. The work is well got up; and, though it may not compare with Mr. Loudon’s celebrated book, it may be suitable for such as seek a less bulky volume; and it will be interesting to all who desire an acquaintance with the state of this art in America.

Principles of Scientific Botany; or, Botany as an Inductive Science. By Dr. J. M. Schleiden. Translated by Dr. Lankester. London: Longman and Co.

FEW, if any, continental botanists take a higher rank in the estimation of the men of science in our own country than Dr. Schleiden. The present work will, therefore, be welcomed by many as a most acceptable contribution to botanical science. Such a work was greatly needed. Our best book on botany is grown old, its contents have become falsified by recent discoveries, and it is altogether behind the age. The present work, on the contrary, is in almost all points up to the mark. It contains a full discussion of the various theories upon the chemistry of vegetation, which in late years have taken the world, as it were, by storm. It also contains a full exposition of Schleiden's peculiar discoveries upon the cell-life of plants; such an exposition as, in fact, may not elsewhere be found. The opinions of those most conversant with the science, are not, it is true, entirely in accord with our author's; and it is even said that the views of the latter upon some peculiar points in cell-development are not capable of combination; but it will be admitted that a full statement of these views possesses no common value, while it yet remains undecided whether they are wholly based upon true observations or not. Of Dr. Schleiden's zeal and industry in the use of the microscope, every page of this work, in its large and numerous illustrations, and in the accompanying descriptions, gives abundant evidence. There is no botanical work extant which contains such an account of the microscopic structure of plants as the present, whether we regard the minuteness of its description, or the originality of research which it displays. The whole plant seems to have successively passed over the field of this astonishing instrument, under the eye of no common observer.

We regret that its contents are of too purely scientific a character to enable us to do more than merely intimate the scheme of this valuable work. The first book treats of the chemistry of plants. The second, of the history of the plant-cell. The third is occupied with the study of the forms of plants, and their organs. And the last discusses the phenomena of the life of the entire plant and its organs. In addition to two or three hundred engravings on wood, are some plates, which appear well executed, of the minute anatomy of plants, and of the successive steps in the development of different organs. The part of the translator has been well rather than elegantly fulfilled, his desire having been to give an accurate in place of an ornamental rendering to the original.

Dr. Schleiden is well known to be a bold writer, as well as a bold thinker; and the present work gives evidence of it in the unsparing manner in which he deals with what he considers to be the errors of his fellow-professors of botanical science. The impression this style of composition leaves on the mind even of a reader who cares only for scientific facts, is unpleasant. One would wish to see due courtesy to opponents whose name and fame are scarcely less widely known than those of our author himself. Of the other part of this philosopher's

character, we are glad to find the present book present few, if any, objectionable traces. It is in this respect favourably contrasted with a publication from the same pen recently issued—the ‘Plant.’ In that work the evidences of a mind contemning all authority, and despising the written records of the Divine will in the Scriptures, are painfully prominent. It requires some ingenuity to conceive how it was possible to compose a book on botany, which should strongly breathe the spirit of infidel, metaphysical, cloudy-minded Germanism. Yet such is the character of that book. The work before us recognises its true objects to be in the highways of science, and the indications of the perverted tendency of the mind of its author are rarely perceptible. It may, therefore, be recommended to the botanical student as a book which will supply him with a store of information not to be obtained in any of the botanical text-books by English authors. It is proper to add, that it is the translation of a second edition of the original work in German—the ‘Grundriss der Botanik;’ and to mention, for the benefit of the microscopical student, that it contains in an appendix some good and ample instructions for the use of the microscope.

The Man of God; or, a Manual for Young Men contemplating the Christian Ministry. By John Tyndale. London: Ward and Co.

THIS book deserves high commendation on two grounds—for what it says, and for what it does not say. It is divided into five parts:—the duties of the ministerial office; designation to the ministry; preparation for it; entrance on it; and hints to the candidate when actually in it. The first part contends for a separated order of ministers, whose duties are defined as teachers, presidents, examples, pastors (friends and counsellors). The second points out the qualifications that justify a man in thinking of the office; and says a great many needful things wisely, about ‘a Divine call.’ The third is full of weighty thoughts as to college life. The fourth discusses the question of ‘settling,’ in a very shrewd, sensible way, and takes up the practice of ordination, which it dissects. The last sends the young preacher on his way with good counsels.

We have thus let Mr. Tyndale speak for himself, that the exact field his book takes up may be seen. Throughout, its great characteristic is good, sound, common sense, a quality which somehow has seemed to us very scarce in most books on this subject. The author speaks like a man who felt the peculiar claims of the present day on the ministry, and also the general, enduring wants which it is called to supply; and contends earnestly for a large mental culture, as well as a devout heart. We miss everything similar to the woeful old womanisms, which have sometimes been perpetrated in manuals like the present. Both because of the absence of all trash of that sort, and because of the presence of a great deal of strong Christian manliness and wisdom, we heartily recommend the volume as by far the best we know on the subject.

Pleasant Pasture; or, Drawing-Room Dramas. London: Hall & Co.
My Old Pupils. London: Hall & Co.

WE confess to being as fond of a real good child's story-book as ever we were—and so have read these two daintily got up booklings devouringly. The former is a set of well-selected incidents, neatly dramatized for home theatricals; or, if that word scandalizes any, we may call them charades, very pleasantly done, and it is sure to be a favourite; the latter rather prosy in parts which the little quick eye will soon discover, and 'skip' to get at the more attractive pages. These we can tell them are numerous.

Compton Merivale. By the Author of 'Brampton Rectory.' London: Parker.

WE have no great liking for those hybrid books—half novel, half sermon—of which 'Compton Merivale' is one, by an author from the Arnold school of Churchmen. An old medical man, and his niece, with a model landlord in a country village, are the principal characters, who dissertate, through 400 pages, on political economy, baths and wash-houses, education, Church and State, baptismal regeneration, millenarianism, &c., in a not very noticeable style. A commonplace tale and commonplace essays put together will only make a commonplace mixture, which is neither one nor other; and such is 'Compton Merivale,'—feeble, colourless as a work of imagination, and not very strong in the other aspect.

An Analysis and Summary of Old Testament History and the Laws of Moses, &c. Oxford: Wheeler.

THERE has been a large amount of painstaking labour expended on this volume, which, in many points, will prove very useful as a skeleton outline of the History of the Jews; but we do not find in it any proof that the industrious author is at all aware of the point to which the biblical scholarship of the day has attained. Prideaux, Calmet, Michaelis, are the most modern names that we find in his pages. He adopts implicitly the chronology of our reference Bibles, and we question, from a few slight indications, whether he knows much about Hebrew. He has, however, furnished a good analysis of the historical books of the Old Testament, and added much useful information as to the nations mentioned in Scripture, and the events in Palestine, down to the destruction of the temple.

Literary Intelligence.

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